

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Death's Doings; in 24 plates, designed and etched by R. DAGLEY, author of select Gems from the Antique, with Illustrations in Prose and Verse, the friendly Contributions of various Writers.* 8vo. pp. 390. London, 1826. Andrews.—Cole.

'Ay, ay, quo' he, an' shook his head,  
Its e'en a lang, lang time indeed  
Sin I began to nick the thread,  
An' choke the breath;  
Folk maun do something for their bread,  
An' so maun Death.'

Is the very neatly engraved and adequately designed title-page of this entertaining volume, are the above words quoted from Burns: oh, Death! the choking of his breath was indeed one of thy sad doings!—Reader! art thou a poet—thou wilt find ample meditation in the plate assigned to illustrate beings of thy exalted order; if a passionate maiden with thy lover absent—beware of too much tenderness, nor allow a mournful scroll to rob thee at once of happiness and life; be thou a pale faced artist—cease for a season to ply thy sickly trade, and note how or by whom thy colours are ground and mixed; if an admirer of the noble sport of cricket—there are other balls save those discharged by gunpowder which may be fatal; be thy deeds unwhipped of justice—let the delineation of the captive prove thy monitor, and save thine eye its darkness, thy limbs their fetters, and thy priestly visitant his office. Take heed, oh lovers, and serenade not, for other ears may list your tones, and though much peril may lurk in a lady's eye, the glittering stiletto grasped in the hand of a concealed and jealous assassin, may prove more hazardous. Thou, oh youthful beauty! cease to adorn thy charms, for the glass of thy pride may mirror back the hue of dissolution. Mothers! use due discretion with your infantine offspring, for the injudicious hand of kindness hath too often proved the hand of death. Fly, hypochondriac, from thy dreamy woe—there is beauty yet to be admired in the world, besides the scalpless scull; and lights from beaming eyes are more worthy of thy vision, than the ideal fitful flame emitted from sepulchral orbs. Hoper for existence! there is no assurance for life, maugre all thy endeavours: death stands behind the desk, and thy counters are paid for nought. Antiquarian! remember the grim monarch hath a grudge against thee; thou wouldest invade his domain, and snatch from him the relics of his devastation—'hic jacit' will be thy memorial, nor can thy earthly feats prevent his conquest. Spring, Langan, Cribb! and ye, oh arbiters of the ring! 'list! oh list!' there

is another champion against whom your efforts are as feeble as those whom you have vanquished—one grim settler whose blow will floor ye for ever: no more seconding; no more spunging of claret; no more exhilarating shouts, or laudatory speeches at the Daffy Club in honour of your exploits; no coming back to the scratch:—a giving-in without a collection—a defeat with no chance of after victory;—Death stalks triumphant over the ring, and your showing-off at court is for aye dispensed with. Gastromaniac! thy last feast is prepared; Death is the waiter, and Apoplexy the attendant. Bacchanalian! if there be 'death in the pot,' there is no reason why the bottle must not likewise contain it: the last cork may be drawn, and then the chalice of thy joy, which so lately mantled with excitement, may hiss with poison, nor thou regard the venomous tone. Peruser! art thou a huntsman, to whom the horn and the deep voices of hounds are as pleasant harmony, heed thy neck; for the historian of Death has narrated that he takes great delight in pursuing his quarry; and, after the manner of mankind, joys in good sport. Art thou an alchemist—to thee Dagley addresses himself; fly from thy visionary art; thy elixir is not half so efficient or profitable as Daffy's; 'thy retorts, pellicans, receivers, and bolt-heads, will be struck to shivers,' and thou become the blasted monument of thy folly. Student! fame is but visionary—renown but the precursor of Death. Valetudinarian! quack not thyself,—empiricism is a growing evil; do not thou encourage it, for although thou mayest have been a free liver, with due care thy friends may yet behold thee as a man of kidney. Jehus! whether two, four, or six in hand, in gig, curricie, stanhope, or phaeton, beware, beware! remember him of old from whom the latter vehicle derives its cognomen: presumption is a fault, and gay steeds dangerous; Death may arrest your progress; and a wheel taken off is not an affair of pleasure. Reader! the skinless king keeps a register: thou mayest be chronicled in it. Bubble-mongers! cease to blow, for Death is in the market, and to thy cost will, with his dart, pierce your frail globules, nor may your friend, Folly, aid ye in your extremity. Life is a pilgrimage or Death in disguise;—human nature but an edict. Deeds will not avail the lawyer, nor bonds prove security. Settlements may be attained, but brief is their endurance.

Having thus noted the plates illustrative of Death's Doings, we shall close our description of them by the epilogue, which is represented as being delivered by a diademed grisly chief, 'Tutto Finisce:' the last

act is ended; Thalia unmasks herself to fly for ever; Melpomene with her own weapon ends her existence; Death reigns triumphant behind and before the curtain, and the house of life is empty.

Nor is the literary portion of Death's Doings less perfect than the graphic. Many celebrated writers, among whom we can number Barry Cornwall, L. E. L., Dr. Thompson, Alfred, (whom we suspect to be Croly,) Ephraim Hardcastle, the author of the Lollards, and Carrington, whose late poem met with such universal approbation, have adorned its pages by their valuable contributions. Each plate has two or more articles attached, either in prose or verse, to illustrate its subject; and we candidly affirm, that, taken as a whole, they not only do great honour to the designs of the artist, but confer an additional glory on the present state of imaginative literature. Among the contributors, there are some half dozen who have enriched the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*. The lively and appropriate paper to the bacchanalian plate, entitled the Last Bottle, we quote entire:—

'An' if it be the last bottle, death is quite welcome; for then life hath run to very dregs and lees, and there is nothing more in it which can be called enjoyment. Ah, whither have ye sped, ye jovial hours, which on bright-winged glasses, far different from yon sandy remembrancer, floated away so blissfully; as the bird poised high in air, the trouble of the ascent over, glides without effort or motion, through the brilliant pleasures of yielding space. How ye sparkled and ran on, like gay creatures of the element gifted with more than magic powers. Beautiful and slight ephemera, fragile as you seemed, what mighty loads of cares did you easily bear off in your aerial flight! Ponderous debts, which might weigh nations down; the griefs of many loves, enow to drown a world; the falsehoods of friends, the malice of enemies; anxieties, fears, troubles, sorrows—all vanished as drinking ye proceeded in your mystic dance! I picture ye in my fancy, now, ye Hours, as sparkling, joyous, and exquisite insects, flitting past with each a burden of man's miseries on his shoulders sufficient to break the back of a camel, and borne from the lightened hearts of your true worshippers. But, alas! alas! for all things mortal—we must come to the last at last.

'Yet let the grim tyrant approach at any time, sith it must be so, and at what time can he approach when we should less regard his frown. Like the unconscious lamb, which "licks the hand just raised to shed his blood," we play with his bony fingers as he



presents the latest draught; and, let his dart be dipped in the rosy flood, we die feeling that wine gives to death itself a pang of joy. Herodotus must have been wrong when he told us that the *Maneros* of the Egyptians was a mournful and wailing song; and Plutarch's is the best authority, for he says it was a joyous chant. So believed the merry party assembled in our faithful picture: their round of song, of feast, of cheer, of laughter, and of shout, was such as Plutarch paints of the wisdom of antiquity, when the figure of a dead man was shown to the convivial souls, and they melodiously joined the chorus—

'Behold that breathless corpse;  
You'll be like it when you die:  
Therefore drink without remorse,  
And be merry, merrily.  
Ai-lun, Ai-lun, Ai-lun,\* quo' he!  
Our only night, no sky light, drink  
about, quo' we,  
'Time, they tell us, waits for no man;—

**'Time and tide  
For no man bide.**

But here we can make Death himself a waiter, while the cup is drained and the jocund catch goes round. Hark, whose voice among the happy set is that which sings—

'While here we meet, a jovial band,  
No son of Discord's impious hand  
Dare fling the apple, fire the brand,  
To mar our social joy:

'Free, as our glorious country free,  
Prospering in her prosperity,  
With wine and jest and harmony,  
We Pleasure's hours employ.

But lo, he whose face is half concealed by that arm uplifted with the sparkling glass, he has drunk till the tender mood of philosophy steals over his melting soul. His maudlin eye would moisten with a tear at a tale of sorrow or a plaintive air; and it is thus he gives vent to his soothing melancholy sensations—

'Death comes but once, the philosophers say,  
And 'tis true, my brave boys—but that once  
is a clencher:

It takes us from drinking and loving away,  
And spoils at a blow the best tippler and  
wencher.

Sing Ai-lun, though to me very odd  
it is,

Yet I sing it, too, as my friend quotes  
Herodotus.

'And Death comes to all, so they tell us again,  
Which also I fear, my brave boys, is no fa-  
ble;

Yet the moral it teaches, to me is quite plain:  
'Tis to love all we can and to drink all we're  
able.

Sing, again, Ai-lun, though to me odd  
it is;

But 'tis Greek, very good I hope, and  
comes from Herodotus.

The old Trojan himself tucks his napkin under his arm, the whetting of his scythe is forgotten, and he wishes (miserable sinner,) that, instead of sand, his double glass were wetted full with burgundy. How it would refresh and revivify his dry ribs! how it would re-

\* 'Literally in Greek, "Behold that corpse; you will resemble it after your death: drink now, therefore, and be merry."

create and beautify his filthy skeleton form! but he must do his thankless office, while he listens to that third glee which he with the plumed bonnet trolls forth:—

'Let the sparkling glass go round,  
The sparkling glass where care is drowned;  
For while we drink, we live, we live!  
Let the joyous roof ring with the measure,  
The sweetest of the muses' treasure  
That music's voice can give.  
Thus crowned, the present beams with pleasure,  
The memory of the past is lighter,  
The prospect of the future brighter—  
And while we drink, we live, we live.  
Chorus.—We live, we live, we live, we live.  
For while we drink, we live, we live.

Another cork is drawn. At the smacking sound, cares, fears, pains, fly from the unruffled soul of man, as wild fowl fly from the placid lake at the report of the fowler's gun. The undulating agitation of the instant,—the centric, concentric, elliptic, parabolic, and every imaginary shape into which its glancing bosom is broken, ripples and sparkles with light, and all then gently subsides into smoothness and serenity.—The calm is delicious, and the bowl becomes more and more brimmed with inspiration as the flood within it ebbs. Whose turn is it now to entertain us? What, Square-cap! thou hast stood or rather sat the brunt of many a deep-drenched table; the words of discretion must flow from thy lips so often steeped in the fountains of truth and wisdom. Oracle of the holy well—the "Trine, trine, trine," of Rabelais drops from them as emphatically as upon the ear of the weary Panurge:—

'Alexander and Cæsar have vanished away;  
And Plato and Cicero now are but clay;—  
The brave and the learned and the good and  
the wise,  
All come to the same simple close of "Here  
lies."

Then let us employ  
Our moments in joy—  
And before the sure end make the best use of  
time.

'Twere folly to pine  
O'er generous wine,  
Since sadness is madness, and gloom is life's  
crime,

"Trine, trine, trine,"\*—I speak,  
French words and French wines are  
far better than Greek.

'Look along the bright board, like a river it  
flows

With a liquid whose sparkling no water e'er  
knows;

While the banks are with friends in good fel-  
lowship crowned,

Who bathe deep in the stream and ne'er fear  
being drowned,

'Tis Bacchus's hour,  
So let him out-pour

\* 'When the oracle of the holy bottle was pronounced by the *trinkling* of the drops which fell from it, quoth Panurge, "Is this all that the Trismigistian Bottle's words mean? In truth I like it extremely, it went down like mother's milk."—"Nothing more," returned Bacchus, (the high priest,) "for trine is a Panomphæan word, that is, a word understood, used, and celebrated by all nations, and signifies *drink*."

All his treasures, while we make the best use  
of time;

Friendship and wine  
Are union divine,  
And when drunk, mortal drunk, mortal man is  
sublime!

"Trine, trine, trine,"—I speak,  
French words and French wines are  
far better than Greek.

Encore, encore—no more, no more: the last measure is full, the last verse is sung, the last cork has left the neck of the last bottle open. The gloomy assassin strikes—He who has been so often dead drunk, what is he now? At the next meeting there was one chair empty, one jolly dog absent—Ai-lun. And what said his disconsolate companions—they missed him, they mourned, they lamented, no doubt:—aye, and they joked too. One said he had never paid any debt till he paid the debt of Nature; another remarked that he was just wise enough to prefer a full to an empty bottle; and the third wrote his epitaph over the third bottle per man:—

'HABEAS CORPUS! HIC JACET!  
'Here lies William Wassail, cut down by the  
mower;

None ever drank faster or paid their debts  
slower—

Now quiet he lies as he sleeps with the just.  
He has drank his *last bottle*, and fast, fast he  
sped it o'er,

And paid his great debt to his principal creditor;  
And compounded with all the rest, even with  
dust.

The poetical department of this volume is exquisite: alternately grave and gay, though equally perfect, its merits are alike discernable. The Poet, which is admirably conceived, is thus exemplified by Alfred:—

'Thou art vanish'd! Like the blast  
Bursting from the midnight cloud;  
Like the lightning thou art past,—  
Earth has seen no nobler shroud!

'Now is quenched the flashing eye,  
Now is chill'd the burning brow,  
All the poet that can die;  
Homer's self is but as thou.

'Thou hast drunk life's richest draught,  
Glory, tempter of the soul!  
Wild and deep thy spirit quaff'd,  
There was poison in the bowl.

'Then the haunting visions rose,  
Spectres round thy bosom's throne.  
Poet! what shall paint thy woes,  
But a pencil like thine own?

'Thou art vanish'd! Earthly fame,  
See of what thy pomps are made!  
Genius! stoop thine eye of flame!  
Byron's self is but a shade.'

These are soul-breathing words, fit and worthy incense offered up by living genius, at the shrine of the departed mighty.

The Pilgrim, by L. E. L., though possessing much beauty, is yet inferior to many of her sketches. Exalted as are the talents of this young lady, and powerful as is her delineation of love, that passion cannot eternally prove a theme; the ocean is not fathomless—nor can a mind constantly well forth its sweet overflowings without an admixture of mannerism; we shall, therefore, decline extracting Miss Landon's effusion. To turn from the high emanations of genius to the



playful brilliancy of wit, is ever a pleasing transition, and the more so in the present instance, where comicality is tempered by legitimate satire, and expressed with appropriate freedom. S. M. ! thou, surely, must have studied every variation in Colman's risible muse, to have caught so well the spirit of the original—possibly we are not paying thee a compliment in stating this: for, strictly speaking, the originality is only contained in the precedence. We shall make good our opinion by the subsequent morceau:—

**"DEATH IN THE "RING."**

'Well! so I've "floor'd" these "fancy" fighting-cocks,  
And "finish'd" them in style! Presumptuous fellows!

They "chaff'd" of science—and, forsooth, would box

With one whose "hits" are sure to touch the "bellows!"

Conceited mortals! thus to "spar" with Death,  
Whose fame's almost as old as the creation!—

For knock-down blows, which take away the breath,

I've ever had a first-rate reputation:  
And yet these heroes of the science fistic,—  
Poor stupid drones!—

Thinking I couldn't "come it pugilistic,"  
Threw up their "castors," stak'd the "ready bustle,"

"Peel'd," and prepar'd with Death to have a tussle—

As though their *flesh and blood and muscle*  
Were proof against my bones!

They talk of championship!—what next, I wonder!

Did they imagine Death would e'er "knock under?"

Could they, in fact, suppose  
I car'd about their blows?

I! who can "draw the claret" when I please—  
"Fib," or "cross-buttock" 'em, or close their "peepers?"

I! who can "double up" the "swells" with ease,  
And make 'em senseless as the seven sleepers!\*

Not I, indeed;—and so, it seems, they found,  
For there they all lie sprawling on the ground:

They'll never "come to time" again—no, never,  
At least, not *here*—

For, 'twill appear,

When I their business do, 'tis done for ever!  
The greatest champions that the world e'er saw,  
By turns have bow'd obedient to my law.

\* Whether Death here alludes to the *seven giants*, who, lying down to sleep on Salisbury Plain, slept "to wake no more," as an old west country nursery legend so truly tells; or whether the simile has reference to some seven animals, (the dormouse, &c.) whose torpid existence during the winter months has given them the appellation of the "seven sleepers," we pretend not to determine. That there should, however, be a degree of mystery attached to the metaphor will by no means be considered a poetical defect; and as it may probably induce certain learned commentators to discuss the question, and to favour the world with many a curious hypothesis in eliciting the truth, we are right glad, for the sake of mankind in general, that Death was not more communicative on the subject.

Look back at History's page,  
In every clime and age,  
You'll find I "mill'd" the mightiest of them all;  
No matter how they sparr'd,  
My blows were sure and hard,

And when I threw them, fatal was their fall.  
From Alexander down to Emperor Nap,  
Whene'er I chose to give the rogues a slap,  
Not one could parry off a single rap;—  
No, no!—nor had they each a thousand lives,  
Could they have stood against my rattling  
"bunch of fives!"\*

Such a delicately terse and flashy piece of slang does not meet our *fancy* every day in the year.

Annexed to the design of the Alchymist are these stanzas, written by our old and friendly correspondent, J. J. L.:—

'Toiling from eve to morn, and morn to eve,  
Himself deceiving—others to deceive,  
Behold the alchymist! On dreams intent,  
The better portion of his life is spent;  
Though disappointed ever,—still the same,  
He calmly lays on accident, the blame;  
Nor palsied form, pale face, and sunken eye,  
Can to his firm opinions give the lie.

Existence wanes amid these dreary sports,  
His only friends are crucibles, retorts;  
Jealous of fame—yet certain to excel,  
He labours lonely in his secret cell;  
What shadowy form doth now his bellows ply,  
And smiles a ghastly smile on alchymy!  
'Tis *Death*!—th' elixir's spilt—and lost the prize,  
And in the folly of his life he dies.'

Academic honours Barry Cornwall thus illustrates:

'Under the shadow of green laurel leaves  
The poet marcheth, with unfaltering breath;  
And from the glory which his fancy weaves  
Draws strength, which tincteth the wan cheeks of Death:

Under the shadow of the laurel green  
The soldier smileth; and wayfaring men  
Piercing the desert with proud looks are seen,  
And hoary seamen face wild waves again:  
But chief, 'midst hopes untried, with fear afar,  
The young pale scholar seeks some dim renown,

Misled by influence of deceitful star,  
To where Death hides behind the laurel crown:

Alas, grey age and pallid youth the same!  
All leave fair truth, to clutch the phantom—  
*Fame!*

On the same theme, the fond admirer of nature, Carrington, succeeds:—

**"THE MARTYR STUDENT."**

'List not Ambition's call, for she has lur'd  
To Death her tens of thousands, and her voice,  
Though sweet as the old siren's, is as false!  
Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks  
The battle-field where red Destruction waves  
O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down

\* 'Death has not merely the authority of Pierce Egan, lexicographer and chronicler to "the fancy," for using the *scientific* terms here introduced, and specially marked for the benefit of the uninitiated, but he is also sanctioned by the classic Blackwood, in whose pages may be found some high encomiums on the transcendent merits of that eloquent style of composition vulgarly called *flash*. And is not its use also sanctioned by the sweetest of all sweet poets—the "bard of Erin?—What better precedents would the critics have!"

The dying and the dead;—on Ocean's wave  
Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—

The seaman follows her, to fall—at last  
In Victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons  
She promises the proud degree—the praise  
Of academic senates, and a name  
That Fame on her imperishable scroll  
Shall deeply 'grave. O, there was one who heard

Her fatal promptings—whom the Muses mourn  
And Genius yet deplores! In studious cell  
Immur'd, he trimm'd his solitary lamp,  
And morn, unmarked, upon his pallid cheek  
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye  
Reluctant clos'd, and sleep around his couch  
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night  
Mingled—insensibly—and night with day;—  
In loveliest change the seasons came—and pass'd—

Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky  
Wander'd the lark—the merry birds beneath  
Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry—the streams

Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy  
And in the breeze was life. Then Summer gemm'd

The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as seem

In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day

The grateful peasant pour'd his song,—by night  
The nightingale;—he heeded not the lay  
Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—  
Sunshine and shadow—and the rich blue sky;  
Nor gales of fragrance and of life that cheer  
The aching brow—relume the drooping eye—  
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pursuit—

One master-passion master'd all—and Death  
Smil'd inly as Consumption at his nod  
Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the cheek

With roses that bloom only o'er the grave;  
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,  
Kindled unnatural fires!

**"Yet Hope sustain'd"**

His sinking soul, and to the high reward  
Of sleepless nights and watchful days—and scorn

Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,  
Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves  
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,  
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss  
From man's impatient lip—with horrid glance  
Mark'd the young victim, as with flutt'ring step  
And beating heart, and cheek with treach'rous bloom

Suffus'd, he press'd where Science op'd the gates  
Of her high temple.

**"There beneath the guise"**

Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd  
The tyrant—Death:—and as around the brow  
Of that ill-fated votary, he wreath'd  
The crown of Victory—silently he twin'd  
The cypress with the laurel;—at his foot  
Perish'd the "Martyr Student!"

Here, for the present, we must bid adieu to the able artist and our talented friends, with this promise, that next week, we shall do ourselves the honour of a further communing. For varied knowledge, pleasing thought, apt illustration, and poetic excellence, this melange is without a rival.



*An Analytical and Historical View of the Catholic Religion, with Reference to Political Institutions.* By an AUSONIAN. 8vo. pp. 285. London, 1826. Effingham Wilson.

It is in vain that we would close our columns against theological matters; their primary importance, and the universal attention which they at this moment ensure, compel us to give them frequent and deep consideration. We are irresistibly carried along by the stream of popular opinion, and whatever be our own private inclination, are obliged to act as that opinion dictates. It is, therefore, well, when these subjects come to us recommended by sound sense, general knowledge, and attractive eloquence; and such qualities, we are happy to say, distinguish the Analytical and Historical View which we are now about to notice.

In a long and able introduction, the author glances at what he terms 'the two most extraordinary specimens of popular delusion, and of the most pernicious influence of crafty advisers, that ancient and modern history records,'—the Agrarian law, and Catholic emancipation. It is unnecessary to say that he subsequently confines himself to the latter, of which he treats with singular strength of argument and felicity of expression. He traces to the liveliness, volatility, vanity, and ignorance of the Irish, their first adoption of the Catholic religion, and their present tenacious adherence to all its forms and follies: and this, in our opinion, is a very fair and philosophical deduction. 'Like the people of southern countries,' observes our author, 'their imaginations delight in the romantic and marvellous, and spurn at the sober notions of evidence and reality. A religion, therefore, resting on surmises and miracles, and singularly rich in theatrical effect, was more calculated to lay hold of the restless minds of such a people, than any other sect, solely supported by a few plain rules of morality, and recommended by no external display of magnificence and pomp.'—He proposes that education should be encouraged, and every possible means adopted, in order to dispel the brutal ignorance so zealously inculcated by the Catholic religion, to which he hesitates not to attribute the manifold miseries of interesting and unhappy Ireland. We cordially second the suggestion; but do not understand the wisdom or justice of tracing all the evils of poor Ireland, to her religion and her ignorance. That ill-fated country may reasonably complain of something more of misgovernment and unkindness than can be properly justified by that which our author terms 'the sacred right of retaliation.\*' He is, in common with all honourable and sensible men, an admirer of our present foreign

\* We are grieved to meet with such an expression in one whom we willingly believe to be a good Christian, (at least, on other occasions, he writes like one,) and who, we are sure, is an amiable and enlightened man. The principle of retaliation has in it nothing virtuous or wise;—

'The dagger heals not, but may rend again.'  
REV.

secretary;—a man who is not to be beaten out of the hearts of the people by the furious venality, gross scurrility, and palpable ignorance of the writers in Blackwood; who understand about as much of the true principles of policy, as they do of politeness and gentlemanly feeling. Respecting this great man, our 'Ausonian' thus expresses himself:—

'No man appreciates more than I do, the splendid talents of the right honourable secretary, and the eminent services which he has lately rendered to the sacred cause of liberty, by snatching with one hand, from the grasp of the Holy Alliance, the stolen sceptre of autocracy, and by raising, with the other, to the rank of nations, the heroic people of South America.

'My opinion of Mr. Canning's extraordinary genius is not an echo of the praises daily lavished on the altar of ministerial power, but a most intimate and disinterested conviction of that great statesman's transcendent abilities. He is the enemy of half measures, of hesitations, of delays. His plans strike like thunder the object immediately in view, and his thoughts boldly poach on the manors of futurity. He is not the man of Downing Street, but the man of posterity.'

In the course of his introductory remarks, our author examines, with much acuteness, the different notions respecting the securities which ought to be demanded in case of conceding emancipation to the Catholics, and asks, 'What could be those securities "which afford strength and safety to the Protestant religion, without trenching on the Catholic church?" Is it the disclaiming of Popish supremacy in temporal matters? Is it the voluntary renunciation of the canon law? Is it the rejection of the detestable bulls *In Coena Domini* and *Unam Sanctam*, that constitute those securities? That excellent scholar and upright senator, Sir Francis Burdett, than whom there does not exist a more consistent character, perhaps, in the whole world, introduced some time ago a bill, which, without stipulating in a clear, definite manner for the interests of Protestants, went a great deal farther than any other preceding measure proposed in parliament; and if a Catholic should conscientiously take the oath in the manner prescribed by that bill, the Protestant, according to Mr. Horton, would have every security that he could reasonably require. But this bill, which might, through calm discussions and cool analyses, have undergone considerable improvement, and been, perhaps, brought to the level of the pretensions of the two opposite interests, was received by the one with distrust, and by the other with ingratitude; and whenever the Catholics have been challenged to confute the arguments of their antagonists by the dignity of reason, they have invoked the aid of Captain Rock, and answered them by murders, assassinations, and plunders. They do not want to gain this long-contended boon by persuasions, but they wish to wrest it from the Protestants by violence and threats.'

Messrs. Shiel, O'Connell, and their coadjutors, are denounced as 'a sanguinary junto

of decemvirs, who, having upset the temple of the laws, wield the sword of destruction against those who oppose their designs, and fill their ordinances with Syllan proscriptions.' When we consider the injudicious conduct of these leaders, and take into the account their unquestionable ability as orators, we cannot help admitting the justice of a remark which we have somewhere met, that 'the bad uses which have been made of eloquence, are almost enough to justify its banishment and disuse; it would be altogether, but that if honest men were to cast aside this weapon, they would be under a disadvantage with wicked men, who would still retain it.'

The energetic manner and weighty matter of the preface, have already detained us too long from the work itself; but we must not quit that preface, without quoting its concluding paragraph:—

'Of the literary merits of this work, I have very little to say. It is written by a foreigner, who never submits his productions to the opinions or corrections of others. This foreigner is, moreover, a merchant, who has composed the book during the frightful convulsions of the preceding twelve months, when private fortunes were threatened with an imminent destruction. I must, therefore, throw myself upon the indulgence of my readers, and intreat them to look at the ore of truths which my book contains, and overlook the manufactory.'

The work is divided into nineteen chapters, the first three of which treat of the origin of religion generally, of Christianity, and of popery. From the opening chapter, entitled the Origin of Religion, we select the following just, able, and liberal remarks:—

'Religion is that feeling of reverence and gratitude towards an invisible Being, which man carries in his heart at his birth. It is irresistible, because spontaneous; it is imperishable, because arising from immortal causes; and while the gradual development of our faculties is unavoidably left to the tutelage of time, religion, like the chief of the dynasty of our feelings, rises in our bosom in all the vigour of manhood.\* Locke admits the possibility of innate ideas only as necessarily connected with the idea of God; "since it is hard to conceive how there should be innate moral principles without an innate idea of a Deity." As soon as the rays of reason begin to beam on our minds, and our faculties acquire the energy of discrimination, we behold with amazement the structure of the universe, the laws by which it is governed, the course of the seasons, the presence of the sun and the stars, the miracles of vegetation, the ordinary development of the functions of life, and finally, the end of all that exists—death. We ask ourselves questions upon questions; and, unable to trace to any earthly power the origin of so many stupendous works, we are compelled to ascribe it to a supernatural Being, at once

\* 'I am aware that I cannot claim English nationality for this sentence, the meaning of which I could not express in all its truth without borrowing foreign expressions.'



the author and the ruler of the whole. The idea of God is, therefore, not only the result of the wanderings of our minds, but the intuitive conviction of our hearts: and as the effect of authority is to command respect and fear, we are constrained to extend these feelings to the supernatural Being, to whom we attribute the source of all invisible and visible power, in that immeasurable ratio which distinguishes the authority of man from that of God. This intercourse of our feelings with the Divinity is called religion: and as the discrepancy in the mode of addressing and worshipping him, (unavoidably arising from the various constructions which our mortal minds put on all objects at large, but more peculiarly on those which do not fall under the immediate control of our senses,) constitutes the various classes of religions or sects; and as these, however they may differ in minor points, unanimously agree in the main principle of acknowledging God as the Supreme Ruler of the whole creation, and the dispenser of good; their tendency to improve the morals of society is alike and equally efficient, and they are, therefore, indiscriminately entitled to the same respect and to the same protection. I look upon the various religious as so many roads, which lead to the same point: one may be more tedious, more intricate, more fatiguing than another; but to the individual who stands on an eminence, and surveys them all at the same time, it is alone given to determine which of them all is preferable. For what should we say of a traveller, who, with no previous knowledge of any of these roads, should boldly assert, that the one which he has selected is the only one which affords security and expedition for the performance of his journey, and should reject all the others as unsafe, and leading to perdition? The primitive worship was simple; and, according to Porphyrius, men sacrificed to grass; but when, led by their natural instinct, they formed themselves into a society, and imposed restrictions on their own appetites by the voluntary adoption of laws, they felt the necessity of propitiating the Divinity by extending his worship, and giving it a more imposing and more consistent form. Accordingly, certain spots were consecrated, and ministers appointed to take charge of them, in the same manner as every member of the community takes care of his house and of his domestic affairs. These individuals, entrusted with the discharge of religious duties, and of the various instituted ceremonies, formed a body distinct from the rest of the citizens, and were exonerated from the obligation of every sort of worldly cares, in order that the energy of their minds might be solely dedicated to the service of the Deity. They therefore grew in high honour among nations, and conferred a high distinction on the families to which they belonged. The Egyptians, the Jews, and the Persians, selected certain families, which they consecrated to religion, whose duties were rendered hereditary in them. The ascendancy which these ministers or priests (in a certain manner constituted interpreters between the Divinity and man,) gained over the minds of mankind, became so formidable as to endan-

ger, but in too many instances, the safety of the institutions of nations. Homer, one of the oldest chroniclers of the customs of the primitive ages, has, in the ferocious despotism of Chalcas, given us a specimen of the bondage under which the priesthood of Greece held, not only nations, but even their chiefs. Alas! how faithfully this fatal inheritance of sacerdotal power has been transmitted from age to age! Legislators felt the necessity of restraining this growing evil, and by subjecting religion to the all-ruling authority of the laws, restored that heavenly institution to the sweet office of improving, instead of corrupting, the morals of the people. Numa, who, through the instrumentality of religion, transformed a horde of ferocious adventurers into a nation of heroes, constituted himself the supreme priest; and by blending religious with political power, was enabled to retain an undisturbed control over the wild passions of the Romans. Of the advantages which religion confers on the character of a people, it would be idle to attempt to speak. They stand not only recorded in the pages of history, but are perceptible in the more or less perfect state of civilization of modern nations. But I may be permitted to observe, that the effects which religion produces on the feelings of men, are to bring them as near, as human affections will permit, to that perfection which is undeniably identified with the nature of God. The primitive inhabitants of the world, before they had assembled in a constituted society, and submitted their actions to the control of a few individuals among them, might have dispensed with a code of religious laws: but when, by the voluntary coalition of their passions, of their interests, of their lives, they had created a new source of dissensions before unknown to them—they were compelled to strengthen the authority of the laws, by identifying them with the authority of Heaven, and to supply in many cases by the magic power of religion, the inefficacy of the laws themselves.

The chapter which traces the rise and progress of Christianity exhibits much fine writing, and, which is of infinitely greater consequence, much excellent feeling. After stating that 'St. John the Evangelist, in the year 97 of Christ, confirmed with the seal of revelation the theology of Plato,\* and that 'the Christian religion was in this manner not only hailed as the gift of a supernatural Be-

\* We hardly understand what is meant by this assertion. Plato himself, (as we are informed by Leland, *Div. Auth.* vol. 2, p. 291-368,) whatever notions he had of the first principle and cause of all things, yet, in his books of laws, which were designed for the people, did not prescribe to them the worship of one supreme God, because he looked upon Him to be incomprehensible; and that what He is, and how He is to be worshipped, is not to be described or declared; nor were the vulgar capable of forming a just notion of Him. But Plato appointed twelve solemn festivals to be observed to the twelve principal gods, and proposed the worship of the heavens and the stars, whose divinity he recommended.—See his eighth Book of Laws, and his *Epinomy* or Appendix to his Book of Laws.—REV.

ing, but was respected as the offspring of the profound meditations of the two most virtuous and most learned philosophers of antiquity,' he continues the subject in the following beautiful manner:—

'Resting on the twofold authority of divine revelation and philosophical knowledge, it held out faith to the religious, and conviction to the sceptic. The contrast between the mock gods of mythology and the Divine Founder of Christianity was too striking not to operate an instantaneous change in the feelings of men. The one appeared wrapped up in the terrific pomp of military autocracy, trying to legitimize the hideousness of his vices by the privileges of his exalted station, commanding the indiscriminate butchery of human and brute victims, selling justice the scale of worldly corruption, casting frowns of disdain and pride on the minor class of gods and demi-gods, and, in short, displaying the superciliousness of our sublimary despots. The Divine Founder of Christianity was ushered into the world by the favour of God as the long-promised Angel of Redemption: his actions emanated from his words, like light from the sun: his morals were as pure as his charity was universal: his humility was as unaffected as his origin was exalted: his love of mankind was as disinterested as his mission was sublime. Despising ambition, and inculcating obedience to the existing governments; preaching equality among men, and living with his disciples with the familiarity of a friend; mild in reproving, sparing in correcting, he lived like a saint, and died like a hero. What a sweet relief Christianity afforded to the feelings of mankind, after so many centuries groaning under the terrors of the Pagan theocracy! What an unexpected change in the atmosphere of the mind! What human heart could resist the fascinations of such a lovely worship! What obdurate soul could hold out against virtue supported by example! Nations became converted to the tenets of Christianity, because it rested on the basis of the purest morality. Its progress was placid, and like the river whose overflow spreads fertility on the fields of Egypt, it left on the manors of the heart the fruitfulness of virtue. No threats accompanied the offer of the new doctrines; no punishment was held out to the obstinate unbeliever; no destruction was brandished over the heads of dissenters: all minds were left open to conviction; all hearts were left in possession of their feelings: but those feelings, like some minor stars, which, impelled by an irresistible attraction, sink into the main planet, joined the sublime feeling of Christianity. Thus the bloody hands of the centurion, which had grown old in the work of destruction, were seen to drop the instrument of death, and to assume the attitude of penitence. The proud magistrate, forgetting the dignity of his rank, was seen shedding tears of compunction upon the same parchment which contained the death-warrant of the guilty; and the feelings of piety were no longer strangers even to the stern frowns of Pilate. Even the felon, while in the act of expiating his crimes on the cross, turned his penitent heart to the divine suffer-



er, and craved from that Beacon of Salvation a protecting ray for his awful voyage to eternity. Ah! yes, Christianity in its original institution, such as it came forth from its Divine Founder, is the only religion which, since the remotest commencement of society, has conferred real blessings upon mankind. It is the religion of liberty, because it rests on truth: it is the religion of virtue, because it breathes innocence. Degraded from its origin, polluted in its principles, libelled, misrepresented by the mercenary plots of popery, it is become the shelter for crimes, the text for falsehoods, the supporter of tyranny, the religion of the Holy Alliance.

'A very striking specimen of the pliancy of Catholicism to the interests of despotism, appears conspicuous in the fulsome eulogy which that champion of popery, Mr. Daniel O'C—I, made of the excellent family which presides over that fortunate country, France, in his opening speech at the fourth Catholic meeting, held in Dublin, the 17th January, 1826. The next subject of panegyric for that gentleman's oratory may be expected to be the pious Ferdinand VII., and perhaps the charitable Redschid Pacha, or the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche* Ibrahim Pacha. They all serve the same sacred cause, legitimacy, and are entitled to the same oratorical ovations. The one has restored the Inquisition in Spain; the others are endeavouring to re-establish in Greece the liberal and humane institutions of the seraglio. But, before I dismiss the subject, I must call upon his Most Christian Majesty the King of France, and his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor of Austria, to reconcile the blasphemous anomaly of styling themselves the Champions of the Catholic Church, and the zealous Confederates of the Worshippers of Mahomet. I call upon them to prove by what impious contrivance they can imbrue the same hands which support the cross, in the blood of the intrepid Greeks, who worship that emblem of the Catholic religion:—I call upon those perjured officers of the French army, who, after having chanted hymns to the Goddess of Reason, and sung the praises of the Son of God, now worship the Prophet of Mecca:—I call upon them, I say, to show with what right they can now retain the laurels of Hohenlinden, of Marengo, of Jena, of Wagram, blasted with the salary of prostitution:—I call upon the self-styled Vicegerent of Christ, to justify his criminal apathy at the excruciating tortures and the dreadful butcheries which the soldiers of Mahomet inflict upon the brave people of Greece. I defy that Vizier of the Vatican to reconcile the oppressions and ignominies to which he has subjected the harmless Jews, with the powerful help which, by his supineness, he lends to the Turks. Where are now the thunders of the Vatican? where are the legions of saints ready to fight with the weapons of miracles in behalf of the Christian church? Where are those mitred myrmidons who profess to extirpate heresy? No! It is not for the divan that the pope, the Bourbons, and Metternich, pray, arm, and fight: no; it is not for the glory of the crescent, but for the support of legitimacy, that Christians are arrayed against

Christians. It is against the holy dogmas of liberty, it is against the cause of mankind, that the mercenary soldiers of France and Austria now fight in Greece, as they latterly fought in Spain and Naples. England alone, free England, abhors the conspiracy. The glories of Trafalgar and Waterloo are untarnished; not a single individual has joined the banners of impiety and despotism. Her riches, her strength, her vows, have supported the cause of Greece. Gratitude will point out to the remotest posterity the island of true liberty and of genuine justice; while the finger of revenge will be directed to the land of St. Bartholomew, Ravallac, and the Clements, and to the country where the bigoted tyrant Charles V. was born.'

We yet linger at the commencement of this work of enrapturing eloquence and enchanting interest, but will, in our next, present our readers with still more striking evidences of the brilliant talents and comprehensive genius of 'an Ausonian.'

*Geraldine Murray: a Tale of Fashionable Life.* By E. H. P., late Miss M'LEOD. 4 vols. 12mo. pp. 1018. London, 1826. A. K. Newman and Co.

THIS is a very entertaining tale, describing, with much ability, many of the follies, vices, and splendid miseries of fashionable life. We remember having perused several of the present author's productions with considerable pleasure; and this, her latest effort, has by no means lessened our opinion of her talents. We do not, certainly, mean it to be understood, that we consider her a first-rate novelist; but she is not without very superior tact in that species of writing to which she has confined her efforts. Geraldine Murray, the heroine of this Tale of Fashionable Life, is well and powerfully drawn; and the interest of the whole story is cleverly sustained. At our first introduction to the principal female personage of the history, we find her loving and beloved by Captain Lexington; but, in consequence of some misunderstanding between them, this tender connection is speedily dissolved. Lady Geraldine, in a fit of resentment towards Lexington, marries Lord Hungerfield, for whom she has no affection; and Lexington, disappointed and unhappy, seeks consolation in the amiable and attractive, though not brilliant, qualities of his cousin, Elizabeth Wilkinson, to whom he is speedily united. Both these marriages, very naturally, produce in the end misery to all the parties concerned. Lexington and Elizabeth live in apparent tranquillity, until the latter perceives that her husband's passion for Geraldine, (with which she was acquainted before she married him,) still exists. Her earliest discovery of this appalling fact is thus described:—

'Elizabeth had only once been at Wellesdon Park since they had resided in its vicinity; she little knew the silent homage her husband paid to the beautiful Geraldine; had she, she would never have subjected herself to the cruelty of its infliction upon her sight and feelings. Few, very few, can bear the misery of abandonment and neglect

—the loss of love and affection; and she who held Lexington bound in her heart of hearts, could ill bear any diminution in his regard. She was restless, agitated, and unhappy; she tried to reason herself into sentiments which partook not of jealousy or misery; but reason could not be made subservient to unfounded ideas. The evening was dreadfully long—her pale and changed looks were attributed to heat and fatigue; but that jealousy, "which was cruel as the grave," had tormented and besieged her. She felt that, in personal charms, with Lady Hungerfield she had no competition; her brilliancy and wit—her high rank, and unaffected elegance of manner, attracted the attention of all—their admiration also; but it was with misery Elizabeth beheld, that to both these, Lexington added his love. She was not the only one who felt uneasy at the proofs he betrayed of his criminal weakness: a friend of his, meeting him on his way to the supper-room, stopped him, saying, in low, yet impressive tones, "Lexington, you have a wife." He did not wait to hear his reply, but hurried on, and knew not that Lexington betrayed anger and impatience at the mention of this inference; it disturbed his feelings of pleasure, and took away the zest of his delight in the fascinations of Lady Hungerfield, for he well knew his own heart would not bear the scrutiny of innocence. Elizabeth sat at a distance from her husband at supper, but her feelings were wrought up to so agonising a pitch, that she could not restrain herself from minutely watching Lexington until the time of their departure.

"You have not been well this evening," said Lexington, as they seated themselves in the carriage to return home.

"I have an oppressive headach," answered Elizabeth, with a heavy sigh: "I did not—I could not enjoy myself."

Her husband made no answer, but leaning his head against the side of the carriage, fell asleep, or at least appeared to Elizabeth to do so; and she, unhappy and distressed, was too full of misery to follow his example. On arriving at their own house, Lexington was struck with the expression of her countenance, which betrayed every symptom of illness, and with tender words he entreated her to have medical advice in the morning; she was too much attached to him to answer him with petulance or irritation, yet she steadily declined the offer, saying it would be of no avail; no physician could be of any service—"In the spring," said she, "change of air may be beneficial."

"In the spring," interposed Lexington, "I have arranged to visit town; our friends will be there—and my mother will be desirous of going, so that we can be with her."

Elizabeth's eyes met Lexington's at the instant—there was something in them he could not withstand, conscious as he was of the motive which prompted his last remark; she looked at him steadily, but made no answer—took up her candle, and shivering with chilliness and emotion, as she drew her shawl closer around her, closed the door and retired.

Lexington's unfeeling conduct, and evi-



dently increasing love for Lady Hungerfield, ultimately break the heart of Elizabeth; and she dies whilst he is at a ball, given by that fascinating idol of his unhallowed affections. The ill-fated victim's anxiety to see and forgive her husband, and the whole scene of her sufferings and death are affectingly portrayed. On the other hand, Hungerfield is represented as a kind and indulgent husband, and Geraldine treats him with the respect due to his many virtues, until she has some reason to believe that he has, since their marriage, formed an intimacy inconsistent with the faith and tenderness due to her as his liege lady. The supposition that a Miss Stanley, whose extreme beauty is her only recommendation, should be preferred to *her*, the highly-talented and universally-admired Geraldine, was one too well calculated to wound her pride, and to produce all the bad effects her haughty and unbending disposition, and carelessness for the feelings of Lord Hungerfield, were capable of creating. Ever the child of impulse, she is hurried on by the impetuosity of her passions, from impropriety of conduct to absolute guilt; and although she has but an imperfect and indefinite idea of Lord Hungerfield's supposed infidelity, she never allows of explanation, or dreams of forgiveness, until it is too late to effect the reconciliation he so ardently desires.

Lord Hungerfield was by no means ignorant of the tenour of his lady's life, though he keenly felt her subterfuge respecting not seeing any one whom he disapproved during the existence of her child, and was sensible that, on its death, Lexington had become intimate at the park, and passed by far too much of his time there; yet the sense he entertained of the deceit he had practised towards her, united with the strength of his undying love, (for so it appeared it was,) urged him to listen to every favourable point in her conduct which it evinced. He heard of her illness—of her tour—of her discontinuing to see Lexington, with gladness—and he had a hope, a distant hope, that one day might see them reunited, and even happy.

Impressed with this idea, he resolved to write to her—to explain the events of his life at full length; for he was sensible what she knew was the mere outline of his frailty, and to make one last appeal to a heart he was yet desirous to gain.

The companion she had chosen had formerly lived in that capacity with an intimate friend of his mother's, and was well calculated for Lady Geraldine—mild—placable—and conciliating, without being servile or obsequious. He was concerned to find Lady Geraldine was shunned by society of her own rank, and was left, as it were, desolate and alone: he pictured her to his mind—pale, deserted, and melancholy, and a tenderer feeling than compassion urged him to feel a desire to request an interview. The earl advised this proceeding, and Lord Hungerfield waited only to accomplish his "memoirs," before he intended writing to make his wishes known: sometimes he thought he would throw himself in her presence, and run the hazard of an unexpected interview with her; but during the period taken up in

inditing his errors, a letter was laid on his breakfast-table, which set all these chimeras at rest: it was from Lady Hungerfield, and, to his astonishment, she signified her wishes of disposing of her estate near Cheltenham, and going to the Continent. He suffered himself to believe the letter was in kinder terms than usual; there was something of tenderness, he fancied, in the conclusion of the epistle, where she spoke of abandoning England, and she desired to hear of his welfare when they were far distant; the letter seemed to renovate his spirits, and excite his feelings, and he lost no time in declaring to the earl, nothing should prevent his having an interview with Geraldine before she went.—"She is young and beautiful," he thought, "and the very excess of her virtue may hurry her into temptation; she is not prepared for arts, because she never knew them; and I have deceived her."—A letter, which even inclined to tenderness in any shape, had awakened the love of Lord Hungerfield; he read and re-read it—it was kinder—and he fancied she relented; and though at a distance, he contemplated peace and happiness.

Singular as it may appear, Lady Hungerfield was the first woman who had ever inspired him with a sincere or true passion. The vivacity of her temper—the generous ardour of a mind untainted and brilliant, had won his admiration; and though on a close examination he beheld some few faults, yet he considered her sterling virtues as far exceeding them; and banishing them from his remembrance, he esteemed, and then devotedly loved her. In after days, when their fates were united, he endeavoured to excuse her blemishes by every excuse in his power; and when her conduct exhibited more of revenge and mortified vanity towards him than he deemed his error ought to excite, he still tried to think well of her, and laid on Lexington's conscience the blame, and excused one who had a froward temper and bad advisers.

From the period of the death of their only child, year after year rolls on, first in extravagant folly, and then in extreme pecuniary distress; until she places herself under the protection of her first love, Captain Lexington; experiences every kind of insult and degradation; and, worst pang of all, the indifference of him for whom she has sacrificed friends, fortune, and the world's good opinion. Lexington had been absent on business some considerable time, during which Geraldine had received but one cold letter, and thus his return is related:—

"It was a calm and moonlight evening—its stillness was only interrupted by the faint gushing of the wind through the firs of the plantation, and the trampling of horses' feet at a distance; they came palpably nearer and nearer, and at last convinced Geraldine it was Lexington arrived at home. She distinguished his voice, which never sounded less pleasing in her ears, and his form, which had once inspired every fond emotion, she saw with cold and calm feelings of distrust and jealousy; he did not hasten in, as once had been his custom, but his step was become, like hers, slow, and filled with care.

"She met him without a smile, and he inquired after her health with an anxiety which was far from feigned or hypocritical, and confessed he was shocked at the havoc only a fortnight had made in her appearance.

"You may call to recollection," said Geraldine, colouring, as she spoke, "that my fortnights are not passed like yours—under the smiles of beauty and loveliness."

"It was now Lexington's turn to colour, which he did so as to convince Geraldine her surmises were correct; and the answer "that he really did not understand her allusion," confirmed her supposition, and drove her transient bloom back to her heart.

"Oh yes, you understand me," she said, in a haughty tone; "but the time is come when you and I must understand each other: I wished to see you for that purpose. Lexington," said she, dropping her voice as she spoke, yet giving it that remarkable tone which rendered her words more expressive, "you have reduced me to this fallen, degraded state—but I will not recapitulate what I have sacrificed for you; I will only remark—your heart, which you swore would be eternally faithful, is changed; you cannot—you dare not deny it—and gratitude will not satisfy me: you have ceased to love me—tell me so—be candid, and do not to the last deceive me: you struggle to preserve an appearance of affection—why do you so, when you have ceased to love?" She cast her eyes on his, and paused. "I will be calm," she added, after a moment's silence; and Lexington, watching the agitation of her countenance, did not give much credit to the assertion. She repeated it, adding, "Do not deceive me, and tell me a falsehood—have you not ceased to love me?"

He hesitated a moment; the deathlike appearance of her face appalled and alarmed him. "To-morrow will do; let us talk on this point to-morrow, Geraldine, and let us pass this evening together as friends," he replied.

"As friends!" said she, pressing her forehead with her hand, as if its anguish was more than she could bear—"as friends!" and casting herself on the sofa, gave way to a flood of tears. "Was it for this," she exclaimed, in all the bitterness of despair—"was it for this I left Hungerfield? The sex is false—and none—none can be trusted—none believed! Had I been guided by thee," looking on the ring on her finger, "virtue would have been my guide, and I had been happy. But I—oh! I am destined to render all belonging to me miserable and unhappy!"

Lexington in vain endeavoured to sooth her, and assured her her father was composed, and "even happy;" and "even Lord Hungerfield," said he, "is far from wretched: you have not ruined his peace; he contemplates another marriage."

Geraldine cast her eyes on Lexington with a look of incredulous misery, which struck Lexington's heart to its core.

"I only heard this," he said, "there may be no truth in it; but he has instituted a suit against me, which will be decided to-morrow, or the next day; and if he should



marry again, you, Geraldine, would rather see him happy than miserable." He looked to her for a reply; but the distraction of her thoughts admitted of none; it was plain all were forgetting her, and when she was cast from the bosom of him whose pure love was sullied by a comparison with Lexington's unholy passion, he had turned his thoughts to another source of happiness.

Geraldine had heard of Lord Hungerfield's illness—his grief—his dejection—and then his slow recovery; she knew herself unworthy of his thoughts, and desired he might forget her, and be happy; she had even ventured to breathe a prayer that he might in another union find that peace she had robbed him of so deeply; but now the time was come when these creations of the fancy seemed on the point of realization, she shivered at the proof Lord Hungerfield gave her of his total resignation of her, and his hopes of happiness in another marriage. A trial too was on the tapis—her guilt and error were on the point of being canvassed by the world—the public papers would manifest her reproach—and the way was paved for a divorce: all these things struck her with their full force, and she began to experience the dreadful reality that she was becoming an outcast and abandoned creature. Combined with these ideas, were those of the decline of Lexington's affection, and that her last earthly friend was deserting her. "It is only what I have deserved," said she, in a subdued and humble voice; "it is only the proper chastisement of guilt which has fallen upon me;" and rising from her seat, she slowly paced the room till she came opposite to Lexington; then fixing her eyes on his, she added, in a faltering voice—"It was I, Lexington, who was the first to blame; I ought to have repulsed those advances which ended in our mutual misery. I know you will not deceive me; tell me then, if in ceasing to love me, you do not love another—a virtuous and innocent being, worthy of purer love than you can bestow?"

"The melancholy and searching penetration of her eyes disconcerted and confused him: he could not immediately answer, and evading that gaze which she still fixed on him, she answered her own interrogation.—"Has the name of Westhaven no charms for you, Lexington?"

"He made no answer.

"Enough," said Geraldine, in faint accents, "I am satisfied." She gave him a look of the deepest anguish, and paused a few moments, ere she concluded her parting speech. Her heart thrilled as she stood opposite to him, and a choking in her throat prevented that fluency with which she generally spoke.—"Lexington," she exclaimed, "look up at me—see before you the guilty wife of Hungerfield—the miserable, wretched paramour of one who now despises me: listen to me—for these are the last moments I shall hold intercourse with you: to-morrow we part—not to meet again!"

"Geraldine," said Lexington, in a tone of kindness which was entirely lost on his unhappy companion, "be calm—be tranquil—happier times may yet come."

"For you, but not for me," answered Geraldine, in a mournful tone. "I am resolved as to my fate, and no human power shall change my determination; we shall meet only once more, and perhaps never again." She passed on a few paces, and laid her hand on the lock of the door, gazing on her companion as if giving him a last look. He seemed to consider it so, and without speaking, took her hand and kissed it.

"We part friends, and I forgive you all," she exclaimed, withdrawing it from his grasp: "one day you may be glad to remember these were my last and final words."

And they were so to him. Geraldine did not long survive this interview; and that brief period of existence was embittered by the knowledge that she had judged erroneously of the conduct of Hungerfield. The circumstance which excited her suspicion, and which gave rise to her long train of miseries and degradations, had taken place long before their marriage; she died in poverty and solitary wretchedness.

There are several pieces of poetry scattered over these four volumes, one of which we subjoin:—

'There's a time to weep, says the adage old,  
A time to smile, says the same;  
There's a time to let your love be cold,  
And then to warm the flame.  
'There's a time to ride on the charger gay,  
For the warrior's form so brave;  
There's a time for these visions to pass away,  
And a thought to be had of the grave.  
'There's a time for all things here below,  
For joy—for sorrow given;  
There's a time, as every man doth know,  
To prepare a path for Heaven!'

*Explication de l'Enigme de la Révolution Européenne, commencée vers le Milieu du Dix-Huitième Siècle. Vol. 1. 8vo. Londres, imprimé par C. SCHULZE.*

WE should not have deemed it advisable to waste a word upon this infamous publication, if one or two of our contemporaries had not raised it to a momentary importance, by condescending to notice it. In no point of view is the pretended Explanation of the Enigma of the European Revolution entitled to attention, or calculated to excite interest, excepting as a grand specimen of the monstrous lengths to which ignorant malignity may sometimes carry people. Scarcely a single fact can we find in this volume, which has not been related in various works familiar to the public, (particularly in the History of the French Revolution by Messrs. A. Thiers and F. Bodin, reviewed in Nos. 326, 7, and 8, and in the Reign of Terror, Nos. 347, 8, and 9, of *The Literary Chronicle*.) and which, from their horrifying nature and frequent repetition, have now begun to lose much of their attraction. The present rage is not for horrors that have occurred, and may occur again, but for such as lawless fancy may invent, undisciplined imagination revel in, and moody dreamy natures enjoy and cultivate. And certainly if we must, perforce, be drugged with horrors of one kind or the other, our preference is infinitely in favour of the latter.

To return for an instant to this lying and

libellous Explication, will it not be enough for our readers to be told that its author maintains, and undertakes to prove, that the late king of France was the great cause and moving spring of the French revolution; that he paid and directed the agitators of the States General, of the Constituent Assembly, and of the Convention; that he, in fact, was the assassin of the Duke d'Enghein, the poisoner of Louis XVII., and author of more horrible crimes than we shall disgust our readers or ourselves by attempting to enumerate.

A spirited exposure of this execrable production in *The Times* so thoroughly expresses our own opinions on the subject, that we cannot do better than quote the concluding paragraph of that exposure:—

"Though we have hitherto spoken of the work before us, with that derision and contempt which every Englishman must feel for it, we seriously think that it ought not to be tolerated as coming from the English press. It can do no harm here, but it is no doubt printed in this city, to be smuggled into a country where its slanders may produce their intended effect. This we think is the more likely to be the case, as it is a collection of all the false and scandalous stories which have been afloat against the object of its attack for the last thirty years—hitherto propagated in obscurity by ignorant fanatics, and starving courtiers, but now formed into a system, enlivened with fresh malignity, and adorned with new inventions. It describes the late sovereign of a great country, who (whatever were his failings,) gave that country the only free institutions which it now possesses, as a glutton and a spendthrift,—as a profound hypocrite and a heartless villain,—as a skulking coward and a sanguinary tyrant,—as disgraced by every vice, and guilty of every crime. It calls him a tiger thirsting for blood,—a vampire of the kingdom,—a monster,—a poisoner, and an assassin. It assures us, that instead of entering Paris in triumph, he ought to have been dragged asunder by four horses, if he had met his deserts; it speaks familiarly of his meriting eternal damnation, and tells us that he has gone to receive his portion with his father Belzebub. Now, though we do not think that such disgraceful libels will be believed by many,—though we are of opinion that they can do little harm to the memory of Louis XVIII.,—though we admit that their absurdity may be an antidote to their malice, and that excess of rancour may, like the violence of some poisons, render them comparatively harmless, by forcing the reader to throw them off his mind, still we are of opinion that their appearance from the press of this country ought to be branded with the most indignant reprobation. If published at all, or in any shape, such private slanders ought not to be published here. The skulking assassin of his sovereign's fame ought to be told, that he is not allowed to throw his disgusting filth at the author of the Charter from English ground—that the English press is not to be disgraced for his malignant objects—and that if, like the monsters of the Convention whom he pretends to denounce, he is determined to de-

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face any of the tombs, or to scatter any of the royal ashes of St. Denis, he should dare to return to his own country—pass to the chapel with his procession of ultra-Jacobins before the doors of the correctional police—and not endeavour to make Englishman accomplices in the sacrilege.'

CLARENDON'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.  
(Concluded from p 584.)

CONFIDENT that our readers will do us the justice to admit that we are not in the habit of dwelling with unnecessary prolixity upon works submitted to us for critical examination, we commence our fourth paper on this improved and important history, without any apology. Its varied interest, weighty matter, and eloquent style, demand a notice of more than customary length; and extended as our review has been, we shall find some difficulty in confining, within the allotted limits, the extracts which we have yet to make.

The following characters of the different ambassadors at the court of Spain, are the portraits to which we alluded in our last:—

'Though it is not the course for ambassadors to make their visits to those who come last, before they receive the first audience from the king, yet the very night they came to the town, the Venetian ambassador sent to congratulate their arrival, and to know what hour they would assign of the next day to receive a visit from him; to which they returned their acknowledgments, and that when they obtained their audience of the king, they would be ready to receive that honour from him. However, the very next day he came to visit them; and he was no sooner gone, but the German ambassador, not sending notice till he was at the bottom of the stairs, likewise came to them; and then the other ambassadors and public ministers took their times to make their visits, without attending the audience. There was one thing very notable, that all the foreign ministers residing then in Madrid (the English ambassadors and the resident of Denmark only excepted,) were Italian, and, all but the Venetian, subjects of the great duke. Julio Rospigliosi, nuncio for the pope, was of Pistoja, and so subject to the Duke of Florence, a grave man, and at that time, save that his health was not good, like to come to what he was afterwards to be, pope, as he was Clement the Ninth. The emperor's ambassador, the Marquis of Grana, was likewise an Italian, and a subject of Florence: he had been general of one of the emperor's armies, and was sent afterwards ambassador to Madrid. He was a man of great parts; and the removing the Conde Duke Olivarez from court was imputed to his artifice. He made the match between the king and the present queen, for which he expected to have the cap of a cardinal, and had received it, if he had not died before the following creation, the Cardinal of Hesse being nominated by the emperor upon his death. He was a man of an imperious and insolent nature, and capable of any temptation, and nobody more glad of his death than his own servants, over whom he was a great tyrant. The ambassador of Venice, —, a noble Venetian, was a man,

as all that nation is, of great civility and much profession. He was the first who told the ambassadors that the king their master had a resident at Venice, which was Mr. Killigrew; which they did not at first believe, having, before they left St. Germain's, dissuaded the king from that purpose; but afterwards his majesty was prevailed upon, only to gratify him, that in that capacity he might borrow money of English merchants for his own subsistence, which he did, and nothing to the honour of his master, but was at last compelled to leave the republic for his vicious behaviour, of which the Venetian ambassador complained to the king, when he came afterwards to Paris.

'The ambassador of the King of Poland was likewise a Florentine, who was much in favour with the King Vladislaus, from whom he was sent, and continued by King Casimir. He had lived in great splendour; but by his vicious course of life, and some miscarriages, he fell very low, and was revoked with some circumstances of dishonour. He was a man of a great wit, if it had not served him to very ill purposes.

'The ambassador of Florence was a subject of his master, and an abbot, a grave man; and though he was frequently called ambassador, he was in truth but resident; which was discovered by a contest he had with the Denmark resident for place, who alleged that the other was no more than resident; which was true; and made the discovery that the Florentine sent no ambassadors to Madrid, because they are not suffered to cover, which they use to do in many other courts.

'The Archduke of Inspruck's minister was likewise a Florentine, and had been bred in Spain, and was a knight of the order, and supported the character upon a small assignation from his master, for some benefit and advantage it gave him in negotiations and pretences he had in that court.

'The resident of Denmark was Don Henrique Williamson, (he was afterwards called Rosewell,) who came secretary to Hannibal Zested, who had been the year before ambassador in that court, and lived in extraordinary splendour, as all the northern ministers do, who have not their allowance from the king, but from a revenue that is purposely set aside for that kind of service. When he went away, he left this gentleman to remain there as resident. He was a grave and a sober man, wiser than most of his nation, and lived with much more plenty, and with a better retinue than any other minister of that rank in that court.'

We have a description of the *toros*, to which the pen of Clarendon has done such exquisite justice, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

'Here the place was very noble, being the market-place, a very large square, built with handsome brick houses, which had all balconies, which were adorned with tapestry and very beautiful ladies. Scaffolds were built round to the first story, the lower rooms being shops, and for ordinary use; and in the division of those scaffolds, all the magistrates and officers of the town knew their places. The pavement of the place was all covered

with gravel, (which, in summer time, was upon these occasions watered by carts charged with hogsheads of water.) As soon as the king comes, some officers clear the whole ground from the common people, so that there is no man seen upon the plain but two or three alguazils, magistrates with their small white wands. Then one of the four gates which leads into the streets is opened, at which the torreadors enter, all persons of quality richly clad, and upon the best horses of Spain, every one attended by eight or ten or more lacqueys, all clinquant with gold and silver lace, who carry the spears, which their masters are to use against the bulls; and with this entry many of the common people break in, for which sometimes they pay very dear. The persons on horseback have all cloaks folded upon their left shoulder, the least disorder of which, much more the letting it fall, is a very great disgrace; and in that grave order they march to the place where the king sits, and after they have made their reverences, they place themselves at a good distance from one another, and expect the bull. The bulls are brought in the night before from the mountains by the people used to that work, who drive them into the town when nobody is in the streets, into a pen made for them, which hath a door, which opens into that large space; the key whereof is sent to the king, which the king, when he sees every thing ready, throws to an alguazil, who carries it to the officer that keeps the door, and he causes it to be opened, when a single bull is ready to come out. When the bull enters, the common people, who sit over the door or near it, strike him, or throw short darts with sharp points of steel, to provoke him to rage. He commonly runs with all his fury against the first man he sees on horseback, who watches him so carefully, and avoids him so dexterously, that when the spectators believe him to be even between the horns of the bull, he avoids by the quick turn of his horse, and with his lance, strikes the bull upon a vein that runs through his pole, with which, in a moment, he falls down dead. But this fatal stroke can never be struck, but when the bull comes so near upon the turn of the horse, that his horn even touches the rider's leg, and so is at such a distance that he can shorten his lance, and use the full strength of his arm in the blow. And they who are the most skilful in the exercise do frequently kill the beast with such an exact stroke, insomuch as in a day two or three fall in that manner: but if they miss the vein, it only gives a wound that the more enrages him. Sometimes the bull runs with so much fierceness, (for if he escapes the first man, he runs upon the rest as they are in his way,) that he gores the horse with his horns, that his guts come out, and he falls before the rider can get from his back. Sometimes, by the strength of his neck, he raises horse and man from the ground, and throws both down, and then the greatest danger is another gore upon the ground. In any of these disgraces, or any other by which the rider comes to be dismounted, he is obliged in honour to take his revenge upon the bull by his sword, and upon his head, towards which the standers by as-



sist him by running after the bull and hocking him, by which he falls upon his hinder legs; but before that execution can be done, a good bull hath his revenge upon many poor fellows. Sometimes he is so unruly that nobody dares to attack him, and then the king calls for his mastiffs, whereof two are let out at a time, and if they cannot master him, but are themselves killed, as frequently they are, the king then, as a last refuge, calls for the English mastiffs, of which they seldom turn above one at a time; and he rarely misses of taking the bull and holding him by the nose till the men run in; and after they have hocked him, they quickly kill him. In one of those days there were no fewer than sixteen horses, as good as any in Spain, the worst of which would that very morning have yielded three hundred pistoles, killed, and four or five men, besides many more of both hurt: and some men remain perpetually maimed: for after the horsemen have done as much as they can, they withdraw themselves, and then some accustomed nimble fellows, to whom money is thrown when they perform their feats with skill, stand to receive the bull, whereof the worst are reserved till the last: and it is a wonderful thing to see with what steadiness those fellows will stand a full career of the bull, and by a little quick motion upon one foot avoid him, and lay a hand upon his horn, as if he guided him from him; but then the next standers by, who have not the same activity, commonly pay for it, and there is no day without much mischief.

The following characteristic anecdote also irresistibly demands quotation:—

‘During the time of their [the two ambassadors for Spain,] short stay at Paris, the queen used the chancellor very graciously, but still expressed trouble that he was sent in that embassy, which she said would be fruitless, as to any advantage the king would receive from it; and she said, she must confess, that though she was not confident of his affection and kindness towards her, yet she believed that he did wish that the king’s carriage towards her should be fair and respectful; and that she did desire that he might be always about his majesty’s person; not only because she thought he understood the business of England better than any body else, but because she knew that he loved the king, and would always give him good counsel towards his living virtuously; and that she thought he had more credit with him than any other who would deal plainly and honestly with him. There was a passage at that time, of which he used to speak often, and looked upon as a great honour to him. The queen, one day, amongst some of her ladies, in whom she had most confidence, expressed some sharpness towards a lord of the king’s council, whom she named not, who she said always gave her the fairest words, and promised her every thing she desired, and had persuaded her to affect somewhat that she had before no mind to; and yet she was well assured, that when the same was proposed to the king on her behalf, he was the only man who dissuaded the king from granting it. Some of the ladies seemed to have the curiosity to know who it was, which

the queen would not tell. One of them, who was known to have a friendship for him, said, she hoped it was not the chancellor. To which her majesty replied with some quickness, that she might be sure it was not he; who was so far from making promises, or giving fair words, or flattering her, that she did verily believe, that if he thought her to be a w—, he would tell her of it; which, when that lady told him, he was not displeased with the testimony.’

With this extract, and another brief reference to the notes of Warburton, we must take our leave of this great work.

Clarendon dwells upon the indignation and hauteur with which Cromwell treated all who ventured to contend against his power, admitting, at the same time, that those who courted his protection received from him ‘great civility, generosity, and bounty.’ Warburton remarks upon this passage, that ‘Cromwell would have been as clement a conqueror and usurper as Julius Cæsar, had he had as much knowledge in literature, and no more in human nature, than Julius Cæsar.’

Clarendon asserts that *Ingoldsby* was compelled by Cromwell to sign the warrant for the king’s death. He makes Ingoldsby himself assert that Cromwell took his hand in his, ‘and putting the pen between his fingers, with his own hand writ *Richard Ingoldsby*, he making all the resistance he could.’ The historian further represents him to have said, that, ‘if his name there were compared with what he had ever writ himself, it could never be looked upon as his own hand.’ Warburton refutes the whole statement most conclusively; he says, at this time it is to be observed, Cromwell was in Scotland. As to Cromwell’s putting the pen between his fingers when Ingoldsby signed the warrant, it is an idle story. The original warrant is still extant, and Ingoldsby’s name has no such mark of its being wrote in that manner.’

In conclusion, we shall select, under their appropriate heads, some of the most striking remarks and axioms which the bishop has scattered among these interesting notes:—

*Presbyterianism.*—‘The character of a presbyterian composition is to be tedious and fulsome. The one the mark of a cloudy understanding; the other of a base heart.’

*Conduct of Ireland during the Rebellion.*—‘They deserved all they suffered, and much more. No nation in the world had ever given such an example of cruelty in the breaking out of the rebellion, or of perfidy, when they pretended to repent, in the course of it.’

*Character of Maynard.*—‘This Maynard, learned as he was, was a very strange man; he acquiesced in, or encouraged, all the parliamentary violations of law, but not the protector’s. And why? For no better reason than this, that the law books spoke of *parliaments*, but not a word of a *protector*.’

When Cromwell was in a state of perplexing doubt, as to whether he should accept or reject the title of king, he is said to have revolved his *former dream, or apparition*, which had promised him the high fortune to which he had already arrived. ‘These slight strokes,’ says Warburton, ‘of the popular

superstition, rather contribute to the dignity and the sublime of history than debase it, which, by going a little further, (as in Echard’s History of the Conference between Cromwell and the Devil,) degenerate into old wives’ tales.’

*Sights and Festivities.*—‘These were ever the great passion of the House of Stewart.’

*Selfishness of old Age.*—‘Decay in generosity, as naturally and necessarily accompanies old age, as a decay of health.’

*Character of the Queen.*—‘She c— her husband, had plundered, when she could not rule, her son.’ The advancement of her own religion was certainly in her wishes and endeavours: ‘for the more freedom she took with her virtue, the more need she had to make reparation to her religion.’

*Montrose.*—‘Card. de Retz, who, at this time, saw Montrose in Paris, was so struck with his port and appearance, that, in his Memoirs, he says, the marquis put him in mind of those ancient heroes, that we meet with only in the relations of Plutarch.’

*Pride*, in a weak man, always shows itself in formality, and gratifies its humour in that ridiculous show.’

*The Seduced seduce.*—‘Just as a bubbled gamester turns a setter.’

*Volubility.*—‘A wise man can never fail of detecting a knave who talks much.’

*Influence of an Army.*—‘No revolution can be brought about in spite of a brave, veteran, well-disciplined army, indisposed to a change. The disposition to return again to monarchy in the old channel, was not greater in 1660 than it was in 1648. What made that attempt succeed, and this fail? Nothing but the party taken by the army. Monk carried it over to the son, and Cromwell kept it back from the father.’

*Character of Clarendon as an Historian.*—‘This noble historian undertook his task incomparably well. Yet has party so blinded the understanding of some who most pretend to taste, that because they dislike his political principles, they will not, or cannot see, that in the knowledge of human nature, (the noblest qualification of the historian,) this great author excels all the Greek and Latin historians put together.’

*The Progresses of King James the First, &c. &c.* By JOHN NICHOLS, F. S. A., &c. Parts XIV., XV., and XVI. 4to. London, 1826.

WE should deeply regret the occurrence of one of those untoward accidents which sometimes disarrange the plans of the most careful periodical writers; and which has thrown us a week or two behind, in our notice of this valuable and amusing work, if the close attention bestowed by *The Literary Chronicle*, on all the previous parts, had not (despite the accident alluded to,) given us immeasurably the start of our cotemporary. One example in support of this assertion, will be quite sufficient: so far back as towards the conclusion of last February, when reviewing parts eight and nine, we extracted an interesting account of a battle of dogs and lions, fought at the Tower, in 1610, in the presence of Frederic Ulric, son of the

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Duke of Brunswic; his cousin, Prince Henry; the Duke of Lenox, and the Earl of Arundel. This account forms one of the most important quotations of our rival, in his number for the 9th of the present month! A circumstance which we should not consider as worthy of pointed remark, if it were not for the stress which, in certain quarters, is laid upon priority of information, and *presumed* quickness and comprehensiveness of criticism. The three parts now before us are, if possible, superior in value and variety, to those which we have already reviewed.\* They present us, among other weighty matters, with some new and curious particulars relative to the trials of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Mr. Chamberlain is writing to Sir Dudley Carleton, and states that he comes tired from hearing 'a piece of the Earl of Somerset's arraignment, who,' he further remarks, 'I think, is but now in the midst of his answer, (the proceeding against him having continued ever since ten o'clock in the morning till five, that he began to answer for himself,) which how it will succeed I cannot certainly say; for he denies all, even his own letters, saying they be counterfeited, and will not be brought to write, whereby to show the conformity of the character, but says, that it is against law, that he should be put to it. He had pen and ink allowed him, to take notes; which is more than ever I knew heretofore. I was there by six o'clock in the morning, and for 10s had a reasonable place; but the weather is so hot, and I grew so faint with fasting, that I could hold out no longer, especially when I heard they had sent to provide torches, so that it is verily thought he will hold them till midnight, if the lord chancellor, who is lord high steward for the time, be able to continue it. The Lady Winwood is there, and more ladies and great personages than ever I think were seen at any trial. All the lords in the paper I sent you are not present, some being dispensed withall for several reasons.

'His lady was arraigned yesterday, and made shorter work of it by confessing the indictment; so that all was done, and we were home before noon. She won pity by her sober demeanour, which, in my opinion, was more curious and confident than was fit for a lady in such distress; and yet she shed, or made show of, some tears divers times. She was used with more respect than usual, nothing being aggravated against her by any circumstance, nor any invective used, but only touching the main offence of murder; as likewise it was said to-day, to be the king's pleasure, that no odious or uncivil speeches should be given. The general opinion is, that she shall not die; and many good words were given to put her in hope of

\* The reprints contained in the fourteenth portion are Munday Chrysaneleia; the London Pageant for 1616, a copy of which was sold for seven guineas, at Mr. Bindley's sale, in 1820; Middleton's Civitatis Amor, the City's Love to Prince Charles, a copy of which was purchased for five guineas, at Mr. Rhodes's sale, in 1825; and two Masques, by Ben Jonson, which we shall notice more particularly in the course of our review.

the king's mercy, wherein the lord steward with the rest of the peers promised their best mediation. The Earl of Essex was at her arraignment, but somewhat more privately than this day, when he stood full in his [the Earl of Somerset's] face.'

On the 8th of June, 1616, Mr. Chamberlain again addressed Sir Dudley Carleton on the same subject:—

'When I wrote last I left the Earl of Somerset pleading for his life; but that he said for himself was so little, that he was found guilty by all his peers; which did so little appal him, that when he was asked what he could say, why sentence should not be pronounced, he stood still on his innocence, and could hardly be brought to refer himself to the king's mercy. Upon which terms he stands still; and having leave to write to the king, hath only required that his judgment of hanging should be changed to heading; and that his daughter might have such of his lands as the king doth not resume, and reserve in his own hands.

'The Lady Knollys and some other friends have had access to the lady divers times since her conviction, and carried her young daughter to her twice or thrice. But I hear not of any that comes to him. He hath been much urged and fair offered to confess the offence both before his arraignment and since; but he stands firm in denial, though by all circumstances, and most pregnant, yea almost infallible, probabilities, he be more faulty and foul than any of the company; which makes the king marvel that all the rest have gone before having so freely confessed the matter after condemnation, he only should continue so confident. Whether this or any other reason be the cause or stay of execution I know not; but they live yet, and for aught I can learn, so are like to do many a day!'

Mr. Chamberlain was no bad prophet, as the following passage, connected with the magnificent embassy of Lord Hay to France, abundantly proves:—

'The Lord Hay the week and very day before his departure made many *allées* and *vœux* betwixt the king and the Earl of Somerset; which was the more noted, for that he was the first that openly fell from him, and now belike finding the wind coming about, applies himself to it; for he is known to be a cunning observer; and *quo non sagacior alter Principis affectus rimari*. The success of these errands is already come thus far, that yesterday he had the liberty of the Tower granted him; and Henrickson and his wife had the fortune to see him with his Garter and George about his neck, walking and talking with the Earl of Northumberland; and he and his lady saluting at the window. It is much spoken of how foreign princes of that order, to let our own pass, can digest to be coupled in society with a man lawfully and publicly convicted of so foul a fault; or how a man civilly dead, and corrupt in blood, and so no gentleman, should continue a knight of the garter. But this age affords things as strange and incompatible.

'The lady's pardon was signed the other week. The special means and inducements

for it were four; the great and long services of her father's family and friends; her own penitence and voluntary confession both before her arraignment and at the bar; the promise of the lord steward and peers to intercede for her; and lastly, that she was not the principal, but accessory before the fact, and drawn to it by the instigation of base persons. But it seems the common people take not this for good payment; for on Saturday last the queen, with the Countess of Derby, the Lady Ruthen, and the Lord Carew, coming privately in a coach to see somewhat here in town, there grew a whispering that it was the Lady Somerset and her mother; whereupon people flocked together, and followed the coach in great numbers, railing, and reviling, and abusing the footmen, and putting them all in fear. Neither would they be otherways persuaded, till they saw them enter into Whitehall, though the countess discovered herself, and talked a pae; and the Lord Carew would have gone out of the coach to satisfy them, but that the queen would not let him, lest he could not have got in again.'

The embassy already alluded to was, according to Wilson, 'undertaken ostensibly to congratulate King Louis on his marriage with the Infanta of Spain, but in reality to ascertain how far an alliance with the French king's sister would be attainable for Prince Charles. "And who," says that historian, "is fitter for that employment, being only for courtship and bravery, than the Lord Hay, a gentleman whose composition of mind tended that way? he was born in Scotland, where bravery was in no superfluity; bred up in France, where he could not have it in extravagancy; but he found it in England, and made it his vanity. The king had a large hand and he had a large heart, and though he were no great favourite ever, yet he was never but in favour. He with a great train of young noblemen and others, courtiers of eminency, suited themselves with all those ornaments that would give lustre to so dazzling an appearance, as love and the congratulation of it carried with it. All the study was who should be most glorious; and he had the happiest fancy whose invention could express something novel, neat, and unusual, that others might admire; so that Huntington's prophesy was fulfilled here, when speaking of the time of the Scots' conquest of England he said, "Multimoda variatione vestium et indumentorum designaretur." I remember I saw one of the lord ambassador's suits (and pardon me that I take notice of such pretty things; the cloak and the hose were made of very fine white beaver, embroidered richly all over with gold and silver; the cloak almost to the cape within and without having no lining but embroidery. The doublet was cloth of gold embroidered so thick that it could not be discerned, and a white beaver hat suitable, brimful of embroidery both above and below. This is presented as an essay for one for one of the meanest he wore; so that if this relation should last longer than his old clothes, the reader might well think it a romance, savouring rather of fancy than reality.



"Thus accoutred and accomplished, he went into France; and a day for audience being prefixed, all the argument and dispute betwixt him and his gallant train (which took up some time,) was how they should go to court. Coaches, like curtains, would eclipse their splendour; riding on horseback in boots would make them look like travellers, not courtiers; and not having all foot clothes it would be an unsuitable mixture. Those that brought rich trappings for their horses, were willing to have them seen; so it was concluded for the foot clothes, and those that have none, to their bitter cost, must furnish themselves. This preparation begot expectation, and that filled all the windows, balconies, and streets of Paris, as they passed with a multitude of spectators. Six trumpeters and two marshals, in tawney velvet liveries completely suited, laced all over with gold richly and closely laid, led the way; the ambassador followed with a great train of pages and footmen in the same rich livery encircling his horse; and his rest retinue according to their qualities and degrees, in as much bravery as they could desire or procure, followed in couples, to the wonderment of the beholders. Some said (how truly I cannot assert,) that the ambassador's horse was shod with silver shoes, lightly tacked on; and when he came to a place where persons or beauties of eminency were, his very horse prancing and curvetting in humble reverence, flung his shoes away, which the greedy understanders scrambled for; and he was content to be gazed on and admired till a farrier, or rather an argentier, in one of his rich liveries among his train of footmen, out of a tawny velvet bag took others, and tacked them on, which lasted till he came to the next troop of grandees. And thus with much ado he reached the Louvre.

"All compliments and outward ceremonies of state being performed, the lord ambassador made his business known by more private addresses, which in appearance was well resented, but indeed not intended, and came to no effect; for the Duke of Savoy had anticipated the young lady's affection for the Prince of Piemont his son. The Savoyan agents, bringing more gold in their hands than on their backs, had so smoothed their ways, that not only those about the princess, but the great ones themselves, are made workers for them. After the ambassador had been feasted magnificently, with all his gallant train, in several places, to show the grandeur of France, he came over into England and practised it here; making many times upon several occasions such stupendous feasts and heaped banquets, as if all the creatures had contributed to his excess. I know not what limits or bounds are set to the glories of princes' courts or noble minds. We see the sea itself and all its tributary rivers do ebb and flow; but if they swell so high to overflow that bank that reason hath prescribed to keep them in, what inundations of sad mischief follow, experience shows."

Christmas his Masque, as it was presented at court, January 6, and January 19, 1616-17, is characterised by Mr. Gifford as 'a

humorous trifle, calculated for the season; an innocent Christmas gambol, written with no higher end than [that of] producing a hearty laugh from the good-natured James, and the holiday spectators of the show.' It is indeed an amusing piece of appropriate extravagance; which Mr. Nichols has illustrated with much ability and industry.

Of the other, a fanciful and exquisitely-poetical Masque,—Mr. Gifford says, 'I have called this little drama, The Masque of Lethe. It is written with all the ease and elegance of Pope, who is not without some petty obligations to it in his Rape of the Lock.

Parts XV. and XVI. yet remain for review, and we shall gladly avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of renewing our pleasant and profitable task. The Progresses is beyond doubt one of the most sterling, clever, and amusing publications of the day.

### ORIGINAL.

*Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.*

APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY,—WINDSOR CASTLE,—TERRACE IN FORMER TIMES,—RUNNIMEDE,—THE RACES,—STATE OF AUTHORSHIP, GENERAL DISTRESS, &c.

MR. EDITOR,—In addressing you, it is impossible for me not to remember that you are to a correspondent of my description, 'an old friend with a new face,' and to give a sigh to the memory of your worthy predecessor, whom, alike in his public and private character, I held in great estimation. As my wanderings and cogitations, my new discoveries and old feelings, have been always kindly received by your readers, I shall address them to you as usual, whenever the scribbling fit comes on me, trusting, that as my letters are generally 'like angel visits, few and far between,' they will neither offend the fastidious, nor weary the frivolous, and that some will be found ready to receive 'dear old Jonathan' with that quick cutting of the leaf, that eager turning to the page, which indicates kindly recognition, and shakes the hand with a favourite correspondent, till his fingers tingle, and his very heart vibrates to the touch.

All this hot summer I have been wandering in the country, which was itself burned as brown as the bread in a baker's oven, which vulgar and unseemly cavern was also continually presented to the imagination by the heated air we respired; nevertheless I found shades the sun did not pierce, and green leaves he did not embrown, for I took up my abode in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and I wandered through the forest.

It is true, walking and riding in that royal demesne is now much curtailed, and the open glades, which, from time to time, present us with views of the castle, bring back the memory of our Norman conqueror, who unquestionably thought this beautiful part of the land too good for the feet of subjects, from which we advert, by way of contrast, to the memory of the late owner. Well do I remember going, (a finished beau, in all the glory of a scarlet coat and black satin inexpressibles, on escaping the trammels of mi-

nority,) to walk on Windsor Terrace, with two pretty country cousins, to see the king and his family in the year 1793, and I firmly believe, that in all the years which have intervened, and in all the good hours which they have occasionally presented me, I have never felt so much gratification and unalloyed enjoyment. The noble building, the sweet evening, the balmy air, warmed but not heated by the declining sun,—the crowds of gay and well dressed people,—the handsome women, all agog for admiration, from higher personages than their surrounding slaves,—the lovely children, in their spotless frocks, held by the hands of equally lovely mothers, all eager to catch for their offspring that royal glance, well known to be easily excited from those who had so long and so tenderly experienced parental feelings, are still present to my memory. I was young and enthusiastic then; I had begun to be philosophical, and was the best speaker in my own spouting club, in favour of liberty; but I found that loyalty also has its infection; for in that crowd my heart beat with the same pulses, vibrated to the same chords with the multitude when the sovereign appeared, and the first words he addressed, within my hearing, to some of his humble neighbours, stamped me a cavalier, (if need were,) in his service. Then, what a lovely rose was the Princess Mary! how sweet a lily was the young Amelia! how arch and playful seemed Elizabeth, and what fine handsome men were the royal dukes! There was no denying that nature herself had seconded the boon of fortune and the claims of antiquity, and fated her noblest productions to regal dignity. Oh! how full of admiration and love we all were; how good-humoured, and social, and benevolent. It was all lost labour to argue against our feelings, and tell us, 'that the king and his family were nothing to us.' No! he was our friend, our sovereign, our father,—we had been within the very circle of his smile; we had brushed past the rustling silk of his daughters, and knew the height of his youngest son to half an inch, and were, therefore, all the taller ourselves. Had we known the king was shut up in the Round Tower, we might have thought him a more magnificent personage; had his blooming daughters been covered by glass cases, our imagination might have conceived their beauty to be more perfect; but unquestionably they would not have excited that warm affection, that glowing loyalty, and entire devotedness, the hearts of all evinced, and which it was so sweet to feel, that even now I am grateful for the recollection of it; for it came certainly under the class of those pleasures which mend the heart by exercising its most sweet and benevolent emotions, to say nothing of the more lofty feelings which inevitably arises in the bosom when self is forgotten.

Thus taught early in life to associate ideas of pleasure and greatness with Windsor, I have seen, with much interest, the improvements in the castle, which are really consistent with its character, appropriate, and marked with that good taste and knowledge in the architect which bespeak the hand of a master. It is to me surprising that no mo-

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nument, recording the great event which gave it celebrity, has ever been erected at Runnimeade: perhaps it was too immediately in the neighbourhood of a kingly dwelling to render such a trophy acceptable on the score of civility. I understand that if, from any circumstance, the races of Egham were to be discontinued, it is in the contemplation of the land-owners in that vicinity, to make application to parliament for leave to enclose it. Of all the dirty designs in this money-making and money-losing time, this appears to me the most despicable, and the most worthy of determined opposition, and, although a race-course presents as few attractions to me as any possible concourse of human beings can do, yet would I hobble there in the gout, (provided I had no carriage,) to prevent such profanation. Besides, Runnimeade is not only classic ground, sacred ground, to every Englishman, but it is meat and drink to numerous petty land-holders, who there feed the single cow or horse that is their chief support, being probably thus devised by the piety of our ancestors, as the noblest monuments they could rear to the victory they achieved on the spot, and the best proof of their thankfulness to Heaven.

It was impossible to see this noble meadow devoted to purposes of gaiety, without recalling the time when many 'a baron bold' with his numerous and well-appointed retinue entered it for far different purposes, with serious looks and martial demeanour befitting the great occasion, yet not unfrequently blending his own wishes for individual power and revenge towards a contemptible but encroaching monarch, with the higher views which apparently actuated him to philanthropic aim and glorious resolution. On the whole, I could not but conclude that we all live in far better times than those of Magna Charta. As one splendid carriage after another wheeled past me, in which sat smiling beauty or contented age, I felt willing to resign the day of stout hearts and shining breast-plates, but not without a secret wish that Sir Walter Scott would wave over this interesting spot that magic wand which can raise up to view the visions of the past, with all the vividness of external picture, and the inward workings of those bosoms, which are still more captivating as objects of contemplation.

But, alas! Mr. Editor, what imagination can expand in these days of actual and apprehended suffering? Booksellers, authors, and printers, down to the very devils, are alike aghast, and it is doubtful whether quills will be collected the ensuing Michaelmas, save for the use of lawyers. I am told that many periodicals will migrate with the swallows, not like them, into warmer climes, but rather 'to lie in cold obstruction and to rot,' for the French, it seems, print English for themselves. The 'occupation's gone' of all the purveyors of our amusement in the lighter walks of literature, and, instead of seeing the editor of *this*, and the author of *that*, smart dashing fellows, sporting whiskers, like Miss Paton's husband, cut velvet waistcoats, and open collars, they now sink into 'lean and slippered (alias faded) pantaloons,' seedy

coats, and lantern jaws, like the poets of Pope's time, or the Cambridge student, who invented stocking weaving. Ah! that word *weaving* brings a whole web of misery to the mind; what is to be done in the north when winter shall double the horrors of starvation? Are we to resort to the Cromwellian tax of resigning a meal a-day for those who have no meat, or pay a per centage on the goods we now buy in every shop for less than they were made for? It is certain that *something* must be done, and that our new parliament have much work before them; but whether the *wisdom* of man can relieve the evils brought on us by the *vices* of man, is at present matter of doubt, and looked at with no small anxiety by one little subject to desponding; yet, in the present crisis of affairs, few are more concerned than your obedient servant,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### HOME.

WHEN the sun first gilds yon mountain  
With the early blush of morn,  
Sparkling in the gushing fountain,  
Glittering on the dew-deck'd thorn,  
Then I'll seek some verdant grove,  
Or through the flow'ry meadows roam;  
With all my thoughts on those I love,  
And heart and soul on happy home.

When his mid-day beam illuming  
Hill and dale with garish light;  
Where the lonely flow'ret blooming,  
Looks from loneliness more bright,  
Then I'll seek some cool retreat,  
Or through the smiling meadows roam;  
Still my anxious heart shall beat  
For peaceful, quiet, happy home.

When his last full beams come darting  
From the richly glowing west;  
And the glorious day departing,  
Brings sweet evening's hour of rest.  
Then I'll think on by-gone days,  
Muse on joyous hours to come;  
While my throbbing heart shall raise  
A prayer—for happy, happy home.

J. A. S.

#### ADA'S SMILE AND ADA'S TEAR.

THERE is within this world a spell,  
Would chase its gayest dreams away;  
There is a charm I love so well,  
'Twould make its saddest moments gay.

Say what this charm can grief beguile,  
Or what that spell can gender fear?  
The first is Ada's witching smile,  
The last, her melting—moving tear.

J. A. S.

#### FROM THE PERSIAN OF SADI.

FROM a dark cloud a drop of rain  
Was falling, when, alas! ashamed  
As it approach'd the boundless main,  
In woful accents it exclaimed.  
'How wide; how vast!—Ah, me, forlorn!  
With *that* compar'd, I am but nought!  
While thus it view'd itself with scorn,  
A shell it in its bosom caught;  
Thus, conscious of its humble state,  
'Twas changed into a brilliant gem,  
An orient pearl—and rais'd by fate  
To deck the brightest diadem. ABDALLAH.

### FINE ARTS.

*The Passions of the Horse, Designed and Executed in Lithography, by H. B. Chalon, printed by Hullmandel, and dedicated, by permission, to His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth.*

A SERIES of six drawings will illustrate this admirable subject: they will consist of Rage and Agony (together) Terror, Love, Gladness or Joy, Affection, and Courage. The first of these we have seen, and a more noble delineation of Rage and Agony never met our observation. In the foreground are two mettled steeds: one, by the force of the other's attack, is on his haunches, with the teeth of his opponent firmly fixed in his throat, from which the gore is pouring down; with startled mane and eye, his head is raised to Heaven, and the wild agony of his countenance is developed by the protuberance of the veins and the extension of his jaws, as if in the act of giving to the breeze a shriek of consummate pain. With glaring eye-balls, the assailant pursues his advantage, and the action of his limbs more than fully portrays the raging excitation under which he labours. In the background, a third horse is seen galloping off from the spot of conflict. The anatomical beauty of this noble animal is strictly attended to, and the display of light and shade inimitably managed. It is fair to presume the succeeding prints will justify the excellence of this. For a talented, able, and well-executed display of lithography, the present production is distinguished as a *chef-d'œuvre*.

### THE DRAMA,

#### AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE opened on Saturday last.—We perfectly agree with the able and impartial critic of *The Times*, that to have the oldest of our metropolitan theatres governed by an American, is nationally to be lamented. The enterprising spirit of Englishmen is cast down, and to America we must look for resuscitation! Shades of Garrick, Sheridan, and Kemble, if 'ye revisit the cold glimpses of the moon,' ye will assuredly not wait the shrill note of the feathered herald of the morning, but fly disgusted to your shadowy homes at once, and for ever. Mr. Price may be an excellent manager, and a good man—his present speculation shows him to be a proud one, and he dares attempt what Englishmen decline; but let him beware of ambition,—

'By that sin fell the angels, how can man  
Then tempt to profit by it.'—

The performances of the evening were Mrs. Centlivre's spirited comedy of *The Wonder*; a ballet composed by Noble, the scene of which is laid in that elegant country, Holland; and the new and seldom repeated opera of *The Marriage of Figaro*. In the comedy, as Don Felix, Garrick took his last farewell of one of the most brilliant audiences that ever adorned a theatrical representation, and in the same character, Mr. Wallack, at the command of the very judicious manager, strutted his hour upon the stage, wholly incompetent to the



requisites of his part, and completely out of his melodramatic element:—

'Can such things be,

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder'—

Until Mr. Price can cast his adopted choice in a more talented and efficient manner, we had rather not be overcome by his *Wonder*. The admirable Violante was supported by a young debutante, a branch of our favourite Tree; she has several requisites for success, her person is symmetrically formed, her features pleasing, and well marked for the stage, with a voice distinguished for clear and perfect enunciation; with these is combined a tolerable share of gracefulness, and in many portions of her performance her efforts were worthy of, and received applause. The energy of Violante was by her well expressed, but in the tender passages, we looked in vain for the utterance of nature's deeply passionate accents. There are many qualifications requisite for acting, besides art and study—and from the voice of nature, speaking as she always does to a young heart—much, very much can be acquired; let Miss Tree hear those tones, nor disregard them. We were truly happy to see our old friend, Mrs. Davison, her exertions were talented in the extreme, the audience hailed with pleasure her re-appearance, and estimated justly the value of her presence. Mrs. Orger, as the other waitingmaid, received a considerable share of approbation. Miss I. Paton was Donna Isabella; we sincerely advise her if she wishes to rise in her profession to amend that serious fault with which she is at present distinguished, of a lisping drawling monotonous mode, when speaking. It is really somnific, and our heated imagination conceived the lights burnt blue, through very languor when she approached them—'Oh reform this!' At half-price the house filled, and at the conclusion of *The Wonder*, the ballet proceeded; the male members of the corps hopped about in huge breeches, ladies showed their fair proportions, and Cherry Ripe, and I've been Roaming, with other tunes inflicted on the town by Horn and Vauxhall, sounded from the orchestra, either in dying cadences, or thunderous clashes, startling the ears of old acquaintances by their new arrangement. Mozart's overture to Figaro followed, and was well played by the band led by Cooke. Again disappointment showed its face in the visage of Mr. Wallack, who informed the audience that a cold had suddenly affected the voice of Mrs. Austin, who was incapable of supporting her share of harmony; this announcement was received with indulgence, and the curtain drew up to the last entertainment of this fatiguing evening. Miss A. Tree was the Susanna; her voice is but mediocre—we missed the fine flowing tones of her sister, yet for a first appearance her reception was favourable. In Bishop's introduced song Should he Upbraid, her voice shewed many of its defects, but she was more fortunate in Tell me have you seen a Toy, when her pretty dancing aided considerably her tones. Mrs. Austin good naturedly tried to bring out a few notes in the duet Sul Aria, but was compelled to

stop, when T. Cooke played her solo on the violin. The Count Almaviva (in consequence of Mr. Hooper's indisposition, who was on this occasion to have made his debut) was at a short notice assigned to Mr. Brown, who enacted it so sufficiently ill as to warrant more than an apology. Miss Cubitt as the page, and Russel, as Antonio, were respectable. Wearied, tired, and listless, the assemblage awaited, and hailed with pleasure, the finale of the opera, rising with more than wonted bustle. Thus closed the first essay of the new management, only to be remembered for repeated disappointments and theatrical disgraces.

One of the greatest attractions of the house is the new drop curtain by Stanfield, representing an intercolumniation—through the vistas of which a beautiful landscape is perceptible.

*Der Freischutz* was reproduced on Tuesday, and Miss A. Tree took Miss Povey's character of Rosa. The greater portion of the scenery has been renewed, some of it well painted and contrived, but other parts more than balanced this excellence, by its excessive mismanagement. The celebrated owl, in the incantation scene, was more grotesque than usual; it was ever preposterous, but on the night in question, though he screeched most scientifically, with all due usefulness to the casting of the bullets, yet we presume his physical powers, under the new management, became paralysed; he made shift to flap one of his wings, but even that exertion was accompanied with much apparent effort, nor was this the only deprivation of his wonted powers: we remember to have seen, the damping red of his eyes, glaring with supernatural lustre—alack, alack! his orbs lost all brilliancy, and the penny wick which used to play the sun to them, on this occasion, went ominously dark—

'Out, brief candle.'

Spirit of Shakspeare, thy commanding powers had then another illustration! Would these were all in the catalogue of offences, but our duty, as purveyors of public taste, demands us to be yet more explicit. Reader, hast thou not marvelled, whilst viewing this turmoiled scene of devilry, from whence arrived that incessant hail of fire, which ever enveloped Caspar; in our simplicity we have. Elliston kept the secret, and by the veriest candle-snuffer of the establishment the wonder of his prison-house was not disclosed. Mr. Price is determined to be more candid, and the said mystery was discovered to proceed from sundry well-placed squibs, at the top of this modern pandemonium.—Bravo, stranger friend! we compliment thy ingenuousness, but a word in thine ear—John Bull likes to be astonished:—explain, he will say—'tis nothing; conceal, and thou may'st gull him 'an' you will.'—The stupid melodrama of the *Knights of the Cross* followed, cut down to two acts, in which Miss Cubitt took the part enacted last season by Mr. Horn. It would seem that opera is to prevail at this theatre, but while superior talent and arrangement invite to the English Opera-House, the inducements to visit Old Drury must be proportionately less.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—On Monday this house opened for the season with *Pizarro* and *Charles II.* After the usual formality, in the performance of God save the King, which was honoured by an encore, the curtain rose for Pizarro. We shall not weary our readers with many remarks either of the play or performers. The first might have been very effective some thirty years back, but this era is not the time or season for the introduction of dramas of this description; and the latter are too well known, from their repeated efforts, to need much notice. Our old favourite, Young, once more gained our warm plaudits in his celebrated character of Rolla, which was played with all his usual correctness, spirit, and propriety. The unanimous burst of applause which greeted his entrance was honourable to the audience and just to the performer. Serle was Pizarro; his voice at first was Stentorian and commanding, but—sad change!—dwindled at last to a feline tone, which was more than once echoed by the gods. Cooper's Alonzo was somewhat too sombre, but generally distinguished by good feeling and sound judgment. Mrs. Sloman's declamation was smooth and flowing, nor can we withhold our tribute of admiration from her talent of shrieking: in Cora this art was appropriately displayed; more or less had spoiled all—our very aural tingled for some few hours afterwards. Mrs. Faucit's Elvira was very effective. In *Charles II.* Kemble and Fawcett played with their wonted ability. Mary Copp, for the first time, was supported by Miss M. Glover, whose debut, from the encoring of her songs, may be considered as promising.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—*The Rivals* was revived on Tuesday last, at this house, in which the characters were excellently cast. The chief novelty was the performance of Mr. J. Reeve, who supported, for the first time, the part of Acres. His acting was distinguished by great spirit and originality, and met with deserved applause. After the play, a new comic piece, as the bills expressed it, called *Peter Smink*, was produced; but, unfortunately for its claim to originality, our memory, after a few sentences, discovered that it was an old friend with a new face, which, five years ago, we had the honour of meeting at the Surrey Theatre, under the cognomen of the *Armistice*. Its success, though somewhat equivocal, was sufficient to warrant its repetition.

#### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MR. KENDALL, (author of Letters on the State of Ireland, the Roman Catholic Question, and the General Merits of Constitutional Religious Distinctions; an Argument on Appeal of Murder; Public and Private Benefits to be derived from Free Drawing Schools, and Free-Schools of Chemistry and the Mathematics, &c.) is about to print, Education, Liberal, Ordinary, and Eleemosynary, seriously defective without the Inculcation of the Art of Drawing.—Mr. K. considers the Art of Drawing under a great variety of aspects—moral, philosophical, economical, and politi-

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cal; but especially as belonging,—1st, to the general cultivation of the human faculties, and therefore to the general advancement both of sciences and the arts; 2d, to the general scope of a *liberal education*; 3d, to the proper and most pressing objects of an *ordinary education*, and therefore of the *charitable education of the poor*,—for drawing and designing are the bases of all mechanic arts and handicrafts; and mechanic arts and handicrafts are the bases of the *subsistence of the poor*: but 4th, Mr. K. considers also, the various influence to be exercised, by this general and popular *graphic education*, over the whole surface of national industry and taste; its connection with the progress, relish, and patronage of the fine arts; its contribution, direct and indirect, to the increase of consumption, and therefore of trade, of riches, and of national power; and its immediate operation in facilitating the employment, and consequent subsistence, of the poor—and therefore of lessening the burdens of the rich, at the same time that it would multiply the public resources of the country, and the means of support for the population, by multiplying the means of individual exertion. Mr. K. opposes himself to those who oppose the education of the poor; but he regards the present plan of that education as very seriously defective. That education (as Mr. K. contends) should be emphatically an education of arts, at the same time as of moral or religious principles; and certainly not less so than of speculative or liberal knowledge: it should be at least as much an education of the hand as an education of the head. Mr. Kendall wishes the art of drawing to be communicated to the children and others of the poor of both sexes, either through the personal aid of benevolent individuals, of the requisite talent and leisure, as in other branches of charitable education, or by means of free schools, expressly established for the purpose; or through an addition to the plans of the national schools, and of all similar philanthropic institutions. Mr. K., who, for more than ten years, has been endeavouring to awaken the attention of discerning, charitable, and patriotic minds, to these objects, expresses his mingled surprise and satisfaction at the near coincidence of a part of his own views with those of that eminent economist and patriot, Mr. William Petty, disclosed, nearly two hundred years ago, in the following passage of his writings, a transcript of which, from a volume in the library of the British Museum, has been recently and obligingly communicated to Mr. K. by a distinguished and public-spirited friend: 'That in no case,' says Sir William, 'the art of drawing and designing be omitted, to what course of life soever those children are to be applied, (since the use thereof, for expressing the conceptions of the mind, seems to be little inferior to that of writing, and in many cases performeth what by words is impossible,) that they may be tangent to do something towards their living, as well as to read, write, and cast accounts.'—Letter from Sir William Petty to Mr. Hartlib, for the Advancement of Learning, anno 1648.

*Hamiltonian Latin.*—The Edinburgh Ob-

server has had a very wicked quiz upon the Hamiltonian system, in the form of a curious attestation by Benji Wauch, the son of Mansie Wauch, the tailor, respecting his extraordinary proficiency in learning Latin according to that method. If studying merely by rote and mechanically, without any exertion of intellect on the part of the pupil, be an improvement in the acquisition of languages, then we must allow that the new system cannot be too highly extolled. Every one who knows any other besides his mother-tongue, must perceive how egregiously absurd it must be to attempt to translate word for word, even where the two idioms nearly correspond; where they do not, the result must be the most barbarous nonsense imaginable—not a whit less absurd than the Latin style of Benje Wauch. But it will, perhaps, be said, that the pupil thus learns the structure of the foreign idiom better: we really do not see how this can be the case; on the contrary, we should apprehend he is in danger of confusing his notions of all idiom whatever. We do not think a more ingenious method could have possibly been devised for teaching a certain number of words in a foreign tongue without understanding anything whatever of its genius and character,—its spirit or its beauties. We have at present too many translators à la Hamilton, whom it is frequently absolutely impossible to comprehend, without having recourse to the original; and even where they are intelligible, their language is so bald and vapid, so tame and spiritless, that it requires no small degree of patience to peruse them. Translation, we apprehend, requires a peculiar tact: even good writers are not always good translators; for when the exact form and idea is prescribed to them, their style becomes laboured and stiff, and totally devoid of ease and gracefulness. They may be compared to persons who can express themselves in conversation fluently and eloquently, but who, when they recite by book, instantly fall into an unnatural tone. Why are there so very few actors who can give Shakspeare's language enduringly?—for this simple reason—neither the sentiments nor the words are their own: they do not come immediately from the mind, and, consequently, the tone in which they are delivered is ridiculously artificial.—To return to Mr. Hamilton, we say nothing of the propriety of making the Gospel of St. John the vehicle of acquiring a foreign tongue; but we really do think that, if the object be at all to furnish the learner with words, a more unfortunate choice could hardly have been made. What an idea of English style, composition, and phraseology, would that person have, who, for instance, should attempt to acquire our language through such a medium! What singular notions he must have either of style or of conversational idioms! How admirably would he be qualified—we will not say to make himself understood, but to continue his reading in any department of literature! If it were not too profane, we might give a specimen of such a person's attempts at ordinary language, from such a vocabulary.

A writer in a morning paper, in recom-

mending Brussels as a desirable place of residence, says, 'As a focus of literature, it is by no means contemptible. Compared with the size of Paris, its diurnal publications are as four to one in favour of Brussels, and scarcely a week passes without producing several excellent political and scientific treatises. London, with its million and a half of inhabitants, has thirteen daily newspapers,—Brussels, with little more than the fifteenth part of this population, has six daily newspapers. This may be accounted for, perhaps, by the difference in price; a Brussel's paper for a year costing little more than the expense of a London paper for a month; but it must be allowed that the Bruxellois are a reading and reflecting people.'

We are assured that the forthcoming volume of the *Forget Me Not*, the oldest of that pleasing class of annual miscellanies destined as tokens of friendship and affection, possesses superior interest to any of the preceding portions of that popular publication. Ninety prose and poetical compositions, by writers of eminence of both sexes, and thirteen engravings in the highest style of the art, after original designs, besides other decorations, are expected to impart to this Christmas present more than ordinary value and attraction.

The Rev. John Mitford has nearly ready for publication an interesting collection of poems, entitled, *Sacred Specimens*, selected from Early English Poets, with Prefatory Verses.

The papers which last week stated Sir Walter Scott to be busied in writing to relieve himself from pecuniary engagements, this week state him to be on the eve of marriage with a lady of immense fortune, who has offered to place one hundred thousand pounds at his disposal previous to their nuptials.

A Frenchman, now at Madrid for financial purposes, is charged with a proposition to the King of Spain to cede the isle of Minorca to the knights of Malta; the knights of the order bind themselves to protect the coast of Spain against the Barbary states. The revenues which that order possessed in the peninsula, and which the government has appropriated to its own use since 1796, would not be claimed. One of the members of the royal family would be appointed grand master of the order.

We understand that there has been for some time in agitation amongst the influential members of the episcopal church of Scotland, a plan of erecting an episcopal college in this city, where a course of study similar to that pursued in the English universities will be adopted. At a convocation of the bishops, which was held here lately, the subject was taken into consideration, and measures, we believe, are now in progress for the establishment of an institution, which cannot fail of diffusing amongst the numerous and increasing body of Episcopalians in Scotland more accurate knowledge of the principles of the apostolic church to which they belong.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

*Monthly Report of Prevalent Diseases.*—Cases of diarrhœa, which were very frequent



during the last three months, began to disappear in proportion as the heat of the weather abated, and few cases are now to be met with. Continued fevers have, however, become so frequent, as almost to constitute an epidemic, and in numerous instances the disease has assumed a severe form. The principal circumstance worthy of notice is the occurrence of gangrene or sloughing in a considerable proportion of cases. We have seen this in the upper part of the air-passages, in the posterior fauces and pharynx, and in the bowels; while in one instance a large carbuncle formed on the face. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that these occurrences have been extremely unfavourable: in most cases, indeed, their existence has only been discovered by post mortem examination. The comparatively greater prevalence of continued fever at present than during the preceding part of the season, cannot be viewed without some anxiety, when taken in conjunction with the epidemic which has made its appearance in Dublin. The frequency of scarlatina and measles is on the decrease; but we have seen a considerable number of cases of small-pox. — *London Medical Journal for Oct. 1826.*

Mr. Edward Knight, son of our late comedian, was married on Monday last, to that sweet warbler, Miss Povey. Her new engagement will not interfere with her American engagement—an advantageous one it is said, and the happy couple will soon proceed to the United States.

Mr. Wildsmith's benefit will take place at the English Opera-House on Wednesday—the last night but one of the season.

#### THE BEE, OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

*An Architectural Novelty.*—A morning paper, in describing the new Synagogue, St. Alban's Place, St. James's, says, that the altar has four Ionic columns, and six Ionic pilasters, with gilt capitals of the Corinthian order! These must be very curious columns indeed, and, we presume, the architect intends to secure his invention by a patent. We are likewise informed, that the trellis-work of the galleries is of verde antique,—a most singular material for such a purpose; but it certainly shows the extraordinary perfection which the mechanical arts have attained, when lattice-work can be formed of marble.

*Refinement.*—There is hardly any such thing now-a-days as a barber's shop, or even as a barber; for the very name is become nearly obsolete. The refined ears of our modern friseurs are shocked by any title under that of artists, which they very modestly assume, and to such an extent do they carry their lofty notions, that they will condescend to operate no where but in saloons. To what a pitch of luxury are we arrived, when 'saloons for cutting hair,' meet our eyes in every street!—In fact, however, the pretension and pomp lies wholly in the name. In the

vocabulary of these gentlemen, 'saloons' is merely a poetical expression, which, being interpreted into the vulgar tongue, means a single room, a little bigger than a closet, very shabby, and furnished merely with a couple of cane chairs and a looking-glass; the ascent to which apartment is generally up a staircase, which no one bulkier than the anatomie vivante can ascend without being squeezed. Can any thing be more simple or modest? It is not we, but our language, that is become dainty: every green-grocer has his drawing-room, that is, a room where one can hardly draw his breath—in dimensions nearly ten feet square, which is certainly a prodigious space for—a band-box!

*People of one Idea.*—'Strong passions oft confine men to one object, and weak judgment hinders them from seeing that object fully and clearly.'

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Sept 22	49	59	45	30 12	Fine.
.... 23	49	60	55	.. 03	Do.
.... 24	57	65	60	29 80	Rain.
.... 25	59	61	59	.. 70	Do.
.... 26	60	66	60	.. 85	Do.
.... 27	59	65	60	.. 98	Fair.
.... 28	61	66	56	30 14	Fine.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A NOTE is left for Montague at our office.

We compliment G. W. on his chivalric indignation, but the whole story to which he alludes has no foundation in Truth.

The I and J, and U and V, have been so long intermixed in our dictionaries, that we are fearful the error will be a permanent one.

Mr. H.'s article is under consideration.

To a Well-wisher.—If A. gives — unconditionally to B., the receiver has an undoubted right to use it in any way he thinks fit. Authors are not usually the best judges of their own performances.

*Works just published:*—Life of Lindley Murray, 9s.—Denham's Africa, two vols. 8vo. 12 16s.—Arnault's Life of Bonaparte, 12 1s.—Scott's Beauties of Eminent Writers 2s. 6d.—Stewart's History of Scotland, 12mo. 5s.—Bell's Anatomy, three vols. 2l. 12s. 6d.—Scratchley's London Dissector, 6s.—Kocker's Principles of Dental Surgery, 14s.—Seeley's Map of India, 12 11s. 6d.

This day is published,

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Contents:

I. The Irish Government.—II. Four Autumnal Sonnets. By Delta.—III. Greece. No. 1.—IV. The Captive, a Dramatic Sketch.—V. Horae Hispanicae. No. 13. El Maestro de Danzar—the Dancing-Master. By Pedro Calderon de la Barca.—VI. Military Policy and Institutions of Great Britain. No. 2.—VII. A Night in Duncan McGowan's.—VIII. Aeneas Mungo Glen. From Mansie Wauch's Auto-biography.—IX. The Barber of Gottingen.—X. Chapters on Churchyards. Chap. 9.—XI. Noctes Ambrosianae. No. 28.—XII. Monthly List of New Publications.—XIII. Appointments, Promotions, &c.—XIV. Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

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In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee think There's livers out of Britain.—Cymbeline.

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